New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Mao in the Chinashop

TWENTY-ONE years ago this week, Hitler invaded Poland. Since then the world has come of age in horror. At first glance it might seem that few if any of the lessons of these two fearful decades have been learned. Last weekend Dr Erhard was again asserting German territorial claims in Poland; since then, the East German government's decision to impose a symbolic shut-down of the Berlin frontier is a sharp reminder that Germany could again become the detonator of world conflict.

But in one vital respect the world has become adult. The two super-powers, if not all their allies, have recognised that, with the creation of megaton weapons, war has ceased to be an instrument of policy. True, they both accept that it may still come and continue to make elaborate and costly preparations to meet it. But they now know and publicly admit that, if it does so, neither side will derive any conceivable benefit, irrespective of the outcome. Capitalism and Communism will alike vanish in the flames, and whatever succeeds them will bear no resemblance to civilisation as either interpret it. Hence, from behind the parapets of their stockpiles, they are fumbling for new weapons which can convert without killing: liberal freedoms on the one hand, material abundance on the other. This may not in itself constitute the formula for world amity; but it is the beginning of wisdom.

Unfortunately, one great and growing power has not yet accepted even this elementary fact of life. The current doctrinal dispute between Moscow and Peking about the inevitability of war is being conducted in the hieratic language of Marxist-Leninism; it centres round the disputed texts of a man who died forty years ago, and much of it is as obscure and irrelevant as the *Summa Theologica*. The rival positions are analysed in detail by experts on the next page. But the real point at issue is simple and practical: can the Communist structure survive a nuclear holocaust sufficiently intact to colonise a defenceless world? Do atomic weapons invalidate Lenin's thesis that war is the necessary instrument of Communist advance, itself mandated by irreversible historic laws? The rival answers reflect the physical assets of the disputants. With her highly concentrated industrial complexes, Russia is only marginally less vulnerable than the US. By contrast, China's wealth lies in her manpower: sufficient would survive, her leaders assert, to inherit a de-populated world.

Leaving aside the morality of the Chinese contention, it seems increasingly unlikely that it has any factual basis. An expert study of the effects of nuclear warfare, which we publish on page 292, suggests that atomic fall-out could constitute a decisive threat even to a nation of 600 million. We must also remember that the consequences of a Third World War have so far been debated exclusively in terms of weapons which most concern the two super-powers: megaton bombs, which are specifically designed to obliterate industrial societies. But others – biological and chemical weapons – are already accumulating in the stockpiles. To rural communities they constitute a peril no less mortal than the bombs to those who dwell in cities. Paradoxically, the very abundance of China's population would render them the more effective against her.

It may be that China's leaders do not know these guilty secrets; or, if they do, have not yet achieved the mental breakthrough to accept them, and modify their rigid view of the future accordingly. Certainly, there are times when they appear to be living on a different planet. Mr Krushchev is now doing his best to disillusion them, though he must dress up brutal facts in the jargon which is their only shared language. The West has a part to play too. Chinese unrealism is partly a consequence of the isolation we have imposed on her. Maniacal doctrines are often the product of loneliness and introspection. Our task must be to convince China – by inviting her participation – that she herself is inescapably part of the world society her fantasies threaten to erase.

Comments on the Week's News

Moscow

The Great Debate

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: No attempt is being made to disguise the fact that grave issues are involved in the ideological controversy within the international Communist movement over Krushchev's thesis on peaceful co-existence. None of the information available here indicates that inter-state relations are being allowed to suffer seriously as a result of differences of outlook between the main interlocutors. Moscow can be relied on to exert every effort to preserve the unity of the Socialist camp. For Krushchev's argument that Communism can triumph without a third world war starts with the premise that a united camp advancing towards higher production goals and greater Socialist achievement is creating a new alignment of forces in the world that compels Marxists to abandon the doctrine of the inevitability of war. Disunity would upset that alignment.

As the editor of *Kommunist* wrote recently, the merit of a political leader lies in his capacity to look ahead to foresee events seven to ten years ahead. In other words, the prospects of the Socialist camp as a *whole* are so good and time is working so promisingly for it, that the concrete factors affecting a particular sector of the camp are really only of local importance. They cannot be permitted to alter the validity of the claim that Socialism, not imperialism, has became the decisive force in world politics.

The idea that has been developed recently in the Moscow press by such eminent exponents of Communist ideology as Ponomaryov, and which Suslov is believed to have expounded at party meetings in Moscow and Leningrad, is not in itself new. More than four years have passed since Krushchev, reporting to the 20th Party Congress, argued that world war was not a prerequisite for revolutionary development.

The argument advanced by Moscow theoreticians to prove that peaceful co-existence is a vital necessity need not be restated. They stem from the recognition that the whole of mankind is interested in the prevention of war, that world war would be a total catastrophe, that, moreover, war is not necessary to advance the ideas of Socialists, since 'the future belongs to Socialism', whose ideas are so strong that they have no need for bombs to pave the way for them (Ponomaryov). But some interesting new points are raised in the development of the argument. One of these is that those people who 'evaluate the present epoch in a one-sided and mistaken way and dogmatically repeat the general formulas about imperialism elaborated half a century ago', are likely to 'dampen the faith of the people', and by their 'fatalistic and pessimistic views' weaken the struggle against the terrible calamity of nuclear war. The Soviet people and many others with them are no longer building up the strength of their country for the purpose of self-defence as they were in the Thirties. They are no longer working to the strains of the popular song 'Should war come tomorrow'. Their objective is crudely summed up in the slogan 'To Overtake America'. There is a vast longing that the doctrine of peaceful co-existence should be feasible and hence, after the blows of this summer, there is a real need for an argued case in support of the doctrine.

Another interesting point was made by Ponomaryov – that peaceful co-existence will reinforce the Socialist camp and weaken capitalism. He accepts the official doctrine that imperialism has remained as active and aggressive as it was 40 years ago, but argues that, in a period of *détente*, capitalist governments are obliged to liberalise their regimes and thus involuntarily sap their own strength. And he scores the point at the expense of those who take a dogmatic line on the national liberation struggle, by drawing attention to the swift advance of African and Asian nations to independence in conditions of world peace.

It is Suslov, however, who has taken the argument furthest in the sphere of the national liberation movement. Joining issue with 'doctrinaires and sectarians', who claim that the principle of co-existence impedes the development of the national liberation movement, and with 'leftists' who under-estimate the importance of the new national states in Asia and Africa headed by bourgeois political statesmen, Suslov, writing in *Pravda*, sympathises with the democratic measures which are being realised in India, Indonesia, Iraq and elsewhere. They are not Socialist measures, he concedes, but their progressive significance should not be underestimated or judged from a dogmatic viewpoint. Nor should the alliance of the peasants and workers in those lands with a section of the national bourgoisie be regarded as short-lived. It can be lasting, for the political struggle in many underdeveloped lands is not against capital but against vestiges of medievalism and will remain so for a long time. It is 'impossible to scrap historical stages', Suslov writes.

The argument is being conducted on a high and serious level. The polemic reaches its sharpest note when objection is taken to the use of isolated quotations from Lenin to support views contrary to Moscow's. But Lenin's main lesson, the Soviet idealogists maintain, was that 'the truth is always concrete'. And the facts of modern life point to the feasibility of peaceful transition from capitalism to Socialism. On the recognition of that, Moscow insists, there must be unity, solid unity in the Socialist camp.

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Peking

The Hard Line

A Student of the Chinese press writes: As one country after another in Africa becomes independent, the Chinese set their imprimatur on the new governments. The formula is always the same. Prime Minister Chou En-lai congratulates the President and announces recognition. Chen Yi (Foreign Minister) similarly congratulates the Foreign Minister. Liu Chang-sheng, President of the Chinese-African People's Friendship Association, cables: 'The independence of your country is a result of the continuous struggle against imperialism and colonialism. The 650 million Chinese people have given consistent support to the people of X ——'. This sequence has happened in Niger, Dahomey, Chad, Upper Volta, Somaliland, Gabon, Malgache and the Ivory Coast. It is astonishing how independent countries in Africa suddenly appear in the Chinese press as soon as they win their independence, with never a hint that this has happened as the result of friendly agreements with the colonial power.

The Congo has naturally been given priority. 'Congo Day' was celebrated on 30 July. The *Jen-min Jih-pao* editorially wrote: 'After US imperialism started intervention against the Congo under the United Nations flag, the patriotic Congolese soldiers and people have maintained vigilance to the plot of intervention by imperialism headed by the United States. Even in the Congolese province of Katanga, where the imperialists are carrying out a plot for secession through their agents, the people there together with the people in all other parts of the Congo are fighting against this imperialist plot'. The *Kwang-ming Jih-pao* editorially called Dr Ralph Bunche 'the US imperialist element' leading the UN force, which 'has compelled Congolese troops to lay down their arms . . . US imperialism has been fully exposed as the most vicious, most truculent and most rapacious neo-colonialist'. Even on 22 August, when the Soviet delegate at the UN was supporting the Security Council resolution, the *People's Daily* editorially accused the United Nations of 'playing a colonialist game'. 'Hammarskjold', it wrote, 'has become a staunch defender of colonial interests.'

The infallibility of Mao Tse-tung and his leadership continues to feature in the press. The Peking *Jen-min Jih-pao* in July carried an article by Tseng Hsi-sheng: 'Learn Chairman Mao's spirit of seeking truth in facts'. 'If we are to commit no leftist or rightist error in our actual work, and if we are to ensure the correct line of our party, the only thing to do is to learn Comrade Mao Tse-tung's spirit of seeking truth in facts'. Revisionism remains the chief enemy of political theory. The first secretary of the Shantung Communist Party in an article called 'Seriously Study and Apply Mao Tse-tung's Thinking' laid down this axiom: 'Under the present conditions, the main danger is revisionism, or right opportunism. It is a manifestation of bourgeois ideology. It paralyses the revolutionary will of the working class, and demands the preservation or restoration of capitalism. The existence of bourgeois influence is the internal root cause of revisionism, while submission to imperialist and colonialist pressure is its external root cause'.

Bonn

Herr Strauss' Private Army

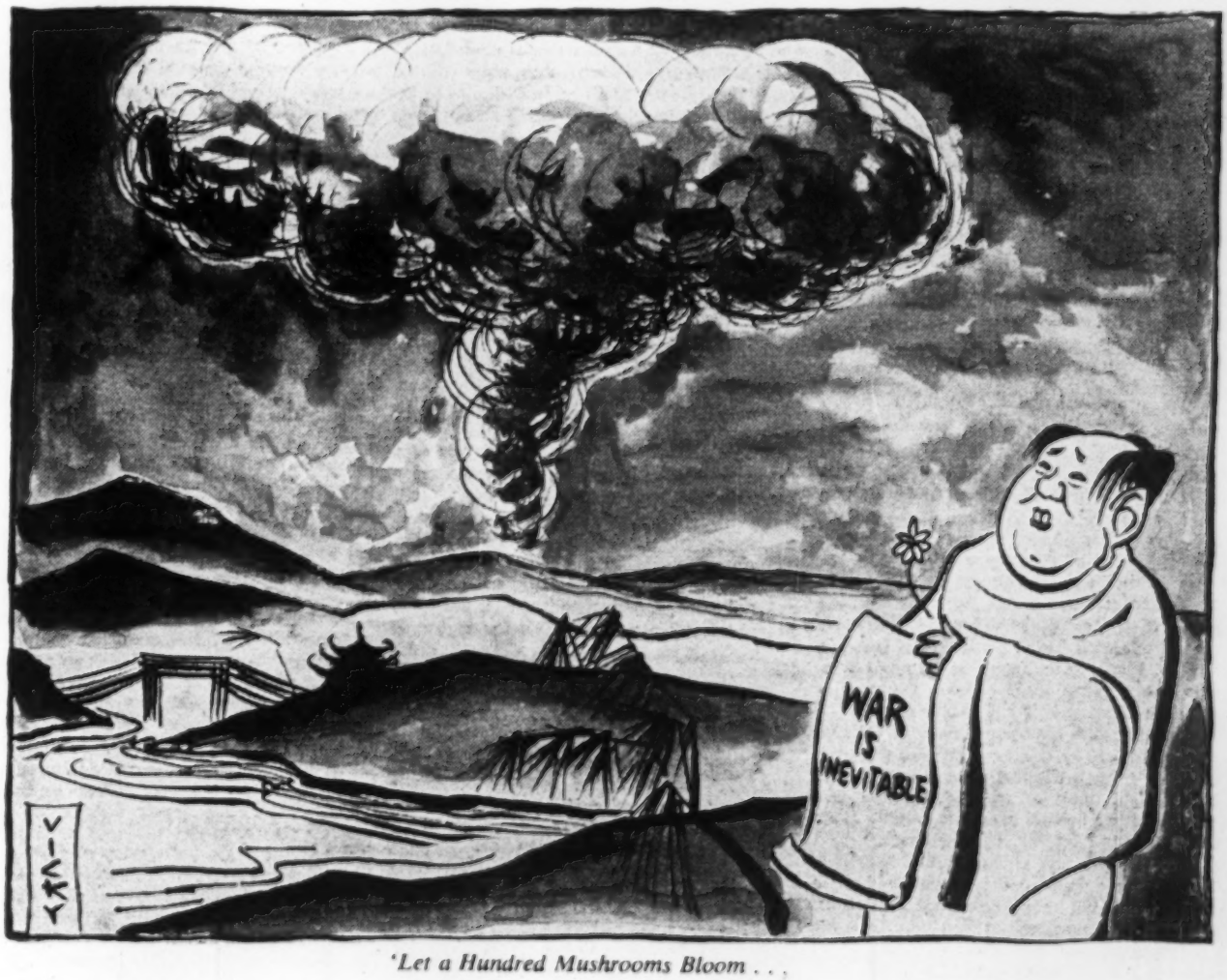
A Student of German Affairs writes: Much of the anxiety, generated by the now notorious General's Memorandum, is almost certainly misplaced. The first reaction of the foreign press, very naturally, was to conjure up the shades of Seeckt and Schleicher, if not of Ludendorff and Tirpitz (Admiral von Ruge, over whose signature the memorandum appeared, is the head of the new German navy). The spectre of German militarism was invoked – invoked, indeed, with such success that Dr Adenauer took the exceptional step of summoning his Defence Minister, Herr Strauss, back from his Riviera holiday to reprove him for his 'untimely' and 'tactless' handling of the affair. This, in turn, provoked some cynical press comment abroad. Dr Adenauer had no objection, it was remarked, to what his generals said, but only to their tactless manner of saying it.

There are at least two flaws in this line of argument. First, nobody really supposes that General Heusinger and Admiral Ruge and their colleagues are of the stuff of Ludendorff and Seeckt. Not only were the latter far stronger personalities than the present commanders of the Bundeswehr – they tended to be strong in proportion as the political executive was weak. This is far from being the case today. The Bundeswehr, whose senior officers were handpicked by the Defence Committee of the Bundestag, on which all parties are represented, is in no sense a state within a state. Also, Herr Strauss not only has the backing of the most powerful democratically-elected government Germany has ever had, but he is a very powerful political force in his own right.

The second flaw in the argument is that there was nothing at all new in the 'demands' supposedly being made by the Bundeswehr generals (the word *forderungen* was apparently used, but too much can be made of this; in the context it does not have quite the force of 'demand'). The three 'demands' were, in fact, already part of government policy and had received Bundestag approval: conscription, the Nato alliance, and the eventual nuclear arming of German forces within Nato. Bundestag approval for conscription and the Paris Treaties dates, in fact, from 1954-55, and it is on this political foundation that the whole structure of the Bundeswehr has been erected. Similarly, the eventual nuclear arming of the Bundeswehr (subject to American control of the warheads – which the memorandum does not question) was approved by the Bundestag in March 1958.

The generals' 'demands' – if demands they were – do not appear to have been strikingly original or ambitious; this is not at all the style of Seeckt's memoranda to Ebert and Noske. Why, then, all the fuss? The answer is to be found, almost certainly, in the recently announced (but, in fact, long determined) candidature of Herr Brandt in next year's election. The threat Herr Brandt represents to the CDU-Establishment in the West German state is evident. He can claim, with good reason, to be as sound a Nato-man, and friend of the West, as Adenauer himself. The accusation of softness towards Communism which has, in effect, lost the SPD every election since the war, is no longer viable with Herr Brandt as candidate. In addition, Herr Wehner's pledge of SPD support for Adenauer's programme of integration into the western alliance, in July's sensational foreign affairs debate in the Bundestag, has effectively spiked the guns of Dr Adenauer's followers.

But there is a chink in the SPD's glittering new armour: Herr Erler, their defence spokesman, has explicitly excepted the nuclear arming of the Bundeswehr from this blanket approval of Dr Adenauer's policies. Yet, logically, it would seem to follow from the commitment to Nato. Moreover, it may well be that a majority of the German people is now in favour of this step (on the grounds that German soldiers should not be worse equipped than their comrades under the Nato command). It seems likely that the General's Memorandum was, in fact, an attempt by Herr Strauss to mobilize expert military opinion against the SPD in the forthcoming election campaign. Far from imposing their will on the political leadership, it looks as though Herr Strauss has violated his advisers' military innocence for party political purposes. The SPD's anti-nuclear commitment may well harm Herr Brandt's chances in 1961; this latest affair shows that a fourth defeat for the SPD could be disastrous for German democracy: the Bundeswehr would become in reality, what it is in danger of being today, Herr Strauss' private army.



'Let a Hundred Mushrooms Bloom . . .

Science

Throwback to the Sea-Squirt

NIGEL CALDER *writes:* The sea-squirt, as its name implies, is a curious animal that sits at the bottom of the sea and pumps water through itself, filtering off food in the process. Its larvae have backbones which disappear as the animal grows, so that it seems to be an evolutionary bridge. It is also noted for its jacket, made of cellulose. This was a remarkable discovery, because cellulose, the stringy carbohydrate so typical of plant life, was otherwise completely unknown in the animal world. Indeed, until recently, biochemists could regard this as one of the main differences between plants and animals.

With hindsight, one may wonder why the sea-squirt's jacket did not provoke researches which might have led sooner to the much more remarkable discovery of which I now want to tell. It turns out that as we grow older we come to resemble the sea-squirt more closely in this important biochemical particular: our human tissues begin to manufacture cellulose. In a word, we vegetate.

It was with no thought of the sea-squirt that Dr D. A. Hall and his colleagues at Leeds University's Department of Medicine were, back in 1957, trying to analyse the nature of the tough, fibrous structures that appear in ageing human tissues. It was natural to suppose them to be one of the tougher kinds of protein, like hair, until chemical analysis revealed the presence of an unexpected quantity of sugar. Immediately cellulose was suspected, as a fibrous material made up of sugar units. And so it proved: close examination of the intact fibres showed them to be composed of protein fibres wrapped round with cellulose. Thus in aged tissues some change occurs which diverts the complex processes whereby the body makes good use of sugar, to the elaboration of unhelpful plant-like material.

Now one of the quiet revolutions going on in science concerns 'morphology at the molecular level'. For long the biologists have had to depend very greatly upon the grosser shapes and appearances of animals in discovering relationships between species and in trying to build up a picture of how the species have evolved from older forms. Much more fundamental, and much less arbitrary, are the selections of molecular raw materials and patterns of chemical action, which evolved long before the species we see using them today. Now that physical techniques of molecular analysis have developed so far, it is a fairly simple matter to settle, for example, the finer points of bird taxonomy, by testing the egg-whites of different species.

So researchers in Leeds very properly decided to compare human cellulose with the jacket of the sea-squirt. The results of their remarkable tests have now been published in *Nature*. There turns out to be an unmistakeable family resemblance between the protein-cellulose complexes in the two species.

What seems to have happened is this. From our sea-squirt-like ancestors evolved the great army of animals with backbones, wherein the biochemical habit of making cellulose was virtually lost: instead came the combinations of protein and simpler sugar-materials, which play a normal part in our bodily functions. It has been a long road; yet, in the lifetime of the individual insensible dislocations occur, whereby his biochemistry can retrace some of the steps, with the result that his tissues attempt to weave a sea-squirt's jacket.

The Civil Defence Fraud

M. C. BERENBAUM

The writer is a pathologist who has made a special study of civil defence problems.

Until about a year ago the usefulness or otherwise of Civil Defence might have been largely a matter of opinion. However, in June of last year the US Congress Special Subcommittee on Radiation held a series of hearings on 'The Biological and Environmental Effects of Nuclear War' (US Government Printing Office, Washington, 1959) in which expert testimony was taken. The evidence in these Hearings dispel any doubts as to the probable effects of nuclear warfare on Britain. Their implications for this country are catastrophic, but they have not been publicised here, nor have they had any apparent effect on government thinking or Civil Defence plans.

In this country the official attitude on the effects of nuclear weapons is revealed principally in the *Civil Defence Manual: Pamphlet No. 1, Nuclear Weapons,* and in *Training Memorandum No. 3* (both H.M.S.O., 1959), and on medical aspects of nuclear warfare in the published proceedings of a symposium on the management of mass casualties (*Proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine,* November 1957).

The plans outlined at the symposium for dealing with the casualties of a nuclear war are not generally known, even by members of the Civil Defence force. They give a picture rather different from that provided by government leaflets intended for the public. They were explained by a Colonel Ahern, who used as his example the situation that might follow the explosion of a 10-megaton H-bomb on a city of a million inhabitants. He estimated that there would be 110,000 casualties (excluding the dead and the trapped). According to the experience of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, it was likely that, of the casualties reaching forward medical units, a third would be 'light' and would get first aid only, and a third would be so badly hurt that they would, in effect, be left to die because there would be neither time nor facilities to spare for them under the conditions of nuclear warfare. The remaining third would need hospital treatment, and half of these would also need immediate operations if their lives were to be saved.

A light casualty in peace-time may have a cut finger or a bruised scalp. In a nuclear war the term 'light casualty', as used in Civil Defence literature, might, for instance, have a burn of 20 per cent of his body surface. This is equivalent to the whole of a lower limb or the whole of the front of the chest and abdomen. A person with such a burn will not be treated by a doctor. What is envisaged for him was explained at the same symposium by Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt.

> Minor burns will not be a full medical responsibility. They will be encouraged to look after themselves and each other, and here there is a tremendous scope for someone with a little imagination and organising skill. Imagine a centre on the lines of a 'help yourself' canteen. A man at the door to direct you to the appropriate counter according to whether you had face, hands or body burns. Drugs and dressings on the counter, instead of buns and biscuits, to put on your tray or into a bag that you collected at the door. Instructions instead of price tabs, and a drink of 'salt and soda bic.' instead of paying cash at the desk! Do not be too critical of this rough idea. It is merely food for thought, and I suggest a visit to the Business Efficiency Exhibition might give better ideas!

How will the casualties be received and handled? In practice there will be division of labour between doctors, but Colonel Ahern estimated that each doctor will have within 24 hours to examine, on the average, 600 patients and operate on 100 of them. Ahern says this can be done if only two minutes are spent on each examination and only nine minutes on each operation. This is perhaps not quite so fantastic as it sounds. Given clock-work organisation, first-class and ample assistance, no distraction and the best of modern hospital facilities, most doctors might in an emergency be prepared to give tentative opinions on a series of injured patients in two minutes each and might keep this up for some hours. They would, of course, not claim any great accuracy for diagnoses made at this speed. Similarly, there are some useful operations that can be done in 9 minutes, given the same conditions. But there can be no question of such conditions existing during nuclear warfare, and to make plans on the assumption that they will exist betrays some lack of contact with reality.

However, let us accept these plans for the present and follow them to their logical conclusion. Six hundred patients to be examined at 2 minutes each equals 1,200 minutes, and 100 patients to be operated on at 9 minutes each equals 900 minutes: Total 2,100 minutes or 35 hours. In other words, the work planned to take 24 hours will, *according to this same plan,* take 35 hours. When this arithmetical absurdity was pointed out in a letter to the *British Medical Journal* (27 September 1958, p. 800), the reply given by Colonel Ahern (*B.M.J.*, 1 November 1958, p. 1,101) was that the real figures (based on time-and-motion study) were 1.6 minutes per examination and 3.6 minutes per operation!

The problem of coping with an enormous number of casualties might be partly solved in practice by the difficulty of rescuing anyone from the affected area. Civil Defence *Training Memorandum No. 3* contains a chart showing that after the explosion of a 10-megaton bomb people will be trapped up to 7 miles and seriously injured up to 11 miles from the explosion. Now, according to the *Manual of Civil Defence,* progress in the streets 13 miles from the explosion must be difficult because of debris that gets worse as we pass inwards until, 5 miles from the centre, the streets are impassable until they have been cleared by mechanical aids. In

NEXT WEEK

Commonwealth Literature

A supplement, introduced by WALTER ALLEN, *with special articles on the current state of writing in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India & Pakistan, S. Africa, W. Africa and the Caribbean.*

Herr Strauss

Profile with VICKY *drawing*

addition, a 'main fire zone' extends between 3½ and 12 miles from the centre.

Civil Defence pamphlets written for mass consumption imply (although without actually stating) that rescue will be carried on right up to the zone of complete destruction, i.e., up to 3½ miles from the explosion, but it is obvious from the figures cited above that this will be impossible. Moreover, if it were possible, and all the trapped and injured were rescued, the medical services would rapidly be overwhelmed. From the chart in *Training Memorandum No. 3* it can be calculated that two 10-megaton bombs released on London would kill about a million people, trap a million and seriously injure a third of a million of those not trapped. The 'lightly' injured would double the latter total. (These figures ignore the effect of fall-out.)

Is it really proposed to collect hundreds of thousands of trained rescue workers and send them along roads that will be blocked and burning for miles in any built-up area, in order to bring out, along the same roads, one or two million disaster victims to entirely inadequate medical services? There are, after all, only about 50,000 doctors in the whole country. It is plain, although it is not publicly admitted, that rescue operations cannot be effected on this scale. Few indeed of the injured will get adequate treatment, and most of the trapped will remain trapped.

The manual does not say what is meant by a 'main fire zone,' but it does attempt to reassure us by saying that it is 'unlikely' to be the site of a fire-storm such as that which gutted Hiroshima. American civil defence experts think otherwise. It was stated in the *Hearings* (p. 230) that 'It is believed that fire-storms are an almost inevitable consequence of a megaton drop on a large American city. Just what measures can be adopted for survival during a fire-storm are not readily apparent', and that, because of the winds generated under such conditions, it was, for example, 'quite conceivable that a fire-storm might eventually involve the entire 25-mile radius of New York City.' A fire-storm would tremendously increase the number of casualties, since an area of hundreds of square miles would become a holocaust in which even those in underground shelters would be killed by heat or suffocation. It would be impossible to escape from this area, and rescue workers could not get in.

So much for casualties due to fire and blast, and the 'plans' for dealing with them. Terrible as these would be, it is possible that half the population would survive an attack in which destruction was limited to these causes. But we have not yet considered the fall-out of radioactive dust, and this is potentially the most lethal agency of all. What makes the question of fall-out complicated at first sight is that it is unlike blast and heat in that it is not possible to predict its effects at any given distance from a particular explosion. The dose of radiation received depends greatly upon atmospheric conditions, the amount of shelter obtained and other variables; the doses to which different persons in the fall-out area are in fact exposed may differ several thousand-fold because of this. On the other hand, a relatively small change in the dose can make all the difference between life and death for the person concerned. Let us suppose, for instance, that the dose received in a certain time at a certain spot is 300 roentgens. This will make many people sick, but will kill almost no one. But, if the fall-out zones of two bombs overlap, the dose will be 600 roentgens, and this will kill nearly everyone. We can expect that, in practice, several bombs would be dropped, and the resulting extensive overlap of fall-out zones would enormously increase the number of deaths due to radiation.

Civil Defence workers confidently assure you that you will be safe if you stay indoors until you are told to come out. This conviction is based on the claim in the *Civil Defence Manual* that, on the ground-floor of a two-storey house, the dose of radiation is 25 to 40 times less than that outside, because the rays are weakened in passing through the walls. If correct, this means that one would be protected against an external dose of 3-9,000 roentgens. This is the dose received over an area of about 1,000 square miles in the first two days after a 20-megaton explosion. Unfortunately, these protection figures, which are based on theoretical calculations, are not supported by experiments on houses, carried out at the Nevada testing grounds (*Hearings*, p. 161). It was found there that the degree of protection was only 1.5 to 7-fold on the ground-floors of most houses. Even basements with partly exposed walls (as most have) gave only 2 to 10-fold protection. Forty-fold protection was given only by basements with no exposed walls. It seems that the *Civil Defence Manual* errs on the optimistic side and that people who remained in ground-floor refuges in the 1,000 square miles mentioned above would stand an excellent chance of dying. Moreover, within this area is a strip about 60 miles long and 9 miles wide in which the total dose in 2 days is over 6,000 roentgens. Even persons obtaining 10-fold protection by sheltering in basements would be killed there. If such a bomb fell to the west of London and a west wind were blowing, fall-out would kill more than 3½ million people.

The unpredictability of the conditions governing fall-out and the overwhelming significance of overlap of fall-out areas in a large-scale attack make it best to examine the problem of radiation casualties statistically. It is necessary to take into account for the whole area the variations in population density, in intensity of fall-out and in protection afforded by dwellings. This has been done in a remarkable paper entitled 'The Distribution and Effects of Fall-out in Large Nuclear Weapons Campaigns' by Everett and Pugh of the Institute for Defence Analyses in Washington. It was published in the *Journal of Operations Research*, 1959, volume 7, No. 2, and reprinted in full in the *Hearings* (pp. 859-81). Their figures are so striking that they demand careful consideration.

They first consider a hypothetical attack on the USA, designed to kill the maximum number of people irrespective of the location of military bases. The population is assumed to be untrained, but has had emergency instructions to remain under shelter after the attack. This is the situation that would exist in the USA or Britain if an attack took place now. They calculate that in this event a total of 2,000 megatons would, as a result of fall-out alone, kill 55 per cent of the population of the USA; 5,000 megatons would kill 80 per cent, 10,000 95 per cent, and 20,000 about 100 per cent.

If the population were well-trained and had six months in which to build shelters, the figures would be 45, 70, 85 and 95 per cent respectively, and 50,000 megatons would kill 100 per cent of the population. Some 50,000 megatons would also kill the entire population if the attack were aimed only at military air bases. It is worth noting how small a difference would be made by training and shelter in the event of a large-scale assault.

Now what if we apply these figures to this country? If 20,000 megatons would destroy all life over the area of the USA, which is 3 million square miles, then the corresponding figure for Britain, which has 93,000 square miles, would be 620 or the equivalent of 62 ten-megaton bombs. If the population were trained and had been building shelters for six months, these bombs would kill not 100 but 95 per cent of the population. Whether 5 per cent of a 'prepared' population would in fact survive is doubtful, because the calculations summarised above are based on the assumption that the attack would be so inaccurate as to allow for each bomb missing its target by about 100 miles, and no account was taken of casualties due to blast or fire, lack of food or water and spread of disease.

Is an attack on Britain of this magnitude likely? The American stockpile has recently been put as equivalent to 28,000 megatons (*Daily Telegraph*, 22 April 1960), and Russia cannot be far behind, if at all. If this is so, then this country's entire population would be killed by 2 per cent of the bombs in either stockpile, and 95 per cent of the population would be killed by 1 per cent of the bombs. The prospect of eliminating America's major partner in Nato and perhaps 5-10 per cent of all Nato bases by the use of only 1-2 per cent of the bombs available, and without any necessity to deliver them accurately, would seem a tempting proposition in a war.

Little more need be said. Civil Defence authorities assert that, in the very worst circumstances imaginable, at least half the population of this country would survive a nuclear war. Many, convinced of this, feel morally bound to support Civil Defence, which they believe will rescue and give succour to the victims. This claim may have been valid ten years ago, but the facts recorded in the volume of *Hearings* show that it no longer has any basis.

It is also claimed that Civil Defence is necessary as part of the deterrent, that an aggressor will hesitate if he knows the population is prepared. In other words, Civil Defence 'makes the deterrent more credible'. But credible to whom? To the possessor of a stockpile sufficient to destroy us fifty times over? Obviously not. To our military authorities who are presumably aware of these facts? That may be doubted. The answer must be that the main purpose of Civil Defence is to soothe the fears of the electorate and to win support for the deterrent policy – a policy for which we have to pay now with our money and in the future maybe with our lives.

APOLOGY

Our attention has been drawn to the article by Francis Newton in the NEW STATESMAN *of 2 July about jazz in New York. In that article in an otherwise favourable account of the Top Club in Harlem it was suggested that it is a place where girls go to hustle and bartenders to give short measure. We are now satisfied that such allegations are wholly without foundation and we are glad to take this opportunity of withdrawing these allegations unreservedly and of tendering our most sincere apologies to the management of the Top Club.*

London Diary

CRITIC

In Jordan the Premier has been assassinated: in Iran he has merely resigned. The Shah, it seems, had criticised him. In no two places I know of could it be said so truthfully that anything could happen at any minute. Some things, however, are more likely than others. In Jordan the Palestinian refugees, backed by Nasser, would like a separate state if they can't dominate the whole country, and the Egyptian radio suggests that the Premier's murder is a natural consequence of opposing their disruptive demand. Probably nothing much will happen immediately because the army appears to be reasonably loyal to the King. For a similar reason – and only for that reason – revolution is presumably further postponed in Iran. The Shah is in charge and the purged army seems likely to prevent for some time yet the type of uprising that has occurred in Egypt and Turkey. It is likely to happen sooner or later because the type of tyranny under which Iran suffers today cannot last. Some years ago, when I was there and had a lot of talk with Mossadeq – I spent part of one Christmas talking with him in bed – I learnt that no real social change had followed his *coup d'état*. He had merely begun a familiar process by taking Persian assets away from British capitalists for the benefit of Persian ones. The western counter-revolution put the Shah back in control. Everything I have heard since suggests that the abysmal poverty and virtual slavery, which make Persia about the most miserable as well as the most beautiful of countries to visit, have merely been intensified. It was already clear when I was there that the Tudeh party, then pushed below the surface but ready to bob up any minute, had the support of the professional class as well as the workers. Today I am told that it would undoubtedly have a majority if the elections had not been very completely rigged.

* * *

I have a courteous letter from the Press and Publicity officer of the Customs and Excise Department, telling me that the NEW STATESMAN was wrong in saying, on 20 August, that for the past eight weeks the Customs men had been passing *Lady Chatterley's Lover* – their instructions, he says, are to seize all copies. All I need say about that is I know of recent defections. I should imagine that they're stricter now: I have another letter this week from a lady whose copy was 'carried off between finger and thumb as if it were a bad herring' at London Airport last Sunday morning. The Customs men, she says, also made copious notes from her copy of the NEW STATESMAN, which contained our remark on their leniency. I wonder whether the Press Officer would have written to correct us if Lady Chatterley's case had not been *sub judice*. In fact, when you come to look round, there is more press comment going on about this case than anyone would have dared to make a few months ago. Is this because the Administration of Justice Bill, which seeks to put the law about 'contempt of court' on a sensible footing at last, is already shedding a liberal light ahead? At any rate, it is something new when the Customs Department itself enters the lists while a trial is pending, and in effect announces (for the first time about any book, so far as I know) that a novel which is coming to trial is considered by them to be obscene.

* * *

John Beavan – an old friend from his *Guardian* days and before – is taking on the challenge of rebuilding the *Herald*. Its sales have been falling and it has long been given up for lost. What, I ask myself, should be Mr Beavan's formula for success? He will be told that he must add at least half a million sales in order to survive; he knows that the traditions of the paper are labour and trade unionist, and that he must regain the confidence of a mass of people who are politically in the doldrums. The hopeless idea would be to try to compete with the *Daily Express* type of journalism. But he may be encouraged by the growing success of serious papers. The *Daily Telegraph*, appealing if not to top people, at least to those who travel first class when there is room, is outrunning its rivals. Why? Simply because its news coverage is good. Another encouraging thought is that working class readership is no longer poor and without appeal to advertisers. Every paper must find its own niche if it is to live. The hole in Fleet Street today is the absence of a left wing *Daily Telegraph*. This is what I hoped the *News Chronicle* would try to be. Now it is the *Herald's* chance. If I were Mr Beavan I would spend my money on first class reporting and buy the most pungent political writers of the left I could find, and having found my formula I would stick to it against all comers.

* * *

The most remarkable thing about Christopher Mayhew's six television programmes on crime, say the columnists, was that so many prisoners agreed to face the camera. Not a bit of it! If the police did not know them by sight, that would be different. But as for showing off to the public, prisoners like to appear on TV like other people; many of them indeed have a fatuous psychopathic unconcern about the future and anyway a man who works with a stocking over his face is unlikely to care much how many people see it without the stocking. The remarkable thing was that the Prison Commissioners were persuaded to give TV photographic facilities that no newspaper could hope for. Most interesting was Mayhew's thesis that the common factor in criminality retarded emotional development – to be carefully distinguished from lack of intelligence. Mayhew once told me that he himself is a convinced determinist, and I forgot to ask him what place he assigns to the phenomenon of conscience, which used to divide determinist into a 'hard' and 'soft' variety. On this score, the prisoners he interviewed couldn't have given him a moment's embarrassment – they were quite untroubled about what they had done to their victims. And yet, I thought, he got nearer to a possible understanding of the 'criminal mind' (if you can generalise at all) than many carefully planned social research projects have done.

* * *

I was deeply sorry to read of the death of Frances Cornford. She was a delightful person whom, I regret to say, I only got to know personally in the evening of her life. She was well known to readers of this journal both as a poet and, as FCC, a frequent and successful competitor in our competitions. Born a Darwin – there is a delightful account of her as a child in her cousin Gwen Raverat's *A Cambridge Childhood* – she married F. M. Cornford, the famous classical scholar, and was the mother of the poet John Cornford, who was killed in Spain. Most of her life was spent in Cambridge, where she was a familiar and much-loved figure, the friend of successive generations of undergraduate poets from Rupert Brooke to Thom Gunn. As a poet, she must have been bored by being known mainly as the author of the hackneyed line: 'O fat white woman whom nobody loves.' Instead of that, let us remember her splendid apostrophe to Rupert Brooke:

> Magnificently unprepared
> For the long littleness of life.

She was awarded the Queen's Medal for Poetry in 1959, which amused her. It was deserved all the same, for though the scale on which she worked was small, she was a true poet whose verses beautifully mirrored the sober virtues of the Cambridgeshire landscape.

* * *

'A dying village! the sort of phrase that people don't forget', said an angry neighbour who has lived in the village all his life. The phrase was used by our new vicar during a three-hour ministerial enquiry into the proposals to permits a speculative builder to put up houses on a downland road. It was of course the only remark that made the headlines in the local press. The vicar complained that he had only baptised 2 babies in 2½ years since he came to the parish. He was also shocked at the prospects of the village school closing down. There are good schools in towns easily reached by bus, and there is really no case for retaining these minute church schools. Actually, the village has expanded in recent years, but it won't expand much because work on the land is limited. The Council has recently put up some houses at rents the villagers can pay and they are occupied by village people. But that kind of building is not profitable, and will not interest a man who has bought land in order to make money out of it. The village is not dying; it is living peacefully – or at least as peacefully as vicars, speculative builders and even more speculative gossipers will allow.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The basic pay scale for a qualified teacher is £520 to £1,000 a year, with annual increments of £27 10s.

Said the spokesman: 'Mr Brown will no doubt start on a considerably higher scale than the minimum because his experience as a grocer will be taken into consideration.' – *News Chronicle*. (David Beal.)

They say, 'all the world loves a lover' – but what rot! During the past month my girl-friend and I have been insulted and chased from three shop doorways, three front gardens and four draughty alleyways. – Letter in *Weekend*. (P. Chappell.)

At a neighbour's suggestion I tied old sacking around the base of my apple tree to trap insects.

The first time I moved it I found hundreds of earwigs. Just as I was about to destroy them I remembered reading that earwigs are devoted mothers, risking anything to protect their young.

I replaced the sacking without killing one. Needless to say there isn't an apple fit to eat. – Letter in *The People*. (Lilian McPhail.)

The Pygmalion of Sex

For visitors to Paris this summer, the principal 'must' has undoubtedly been a film which they will never be able to see in their own countries: *Les Liaisons Dangereuses, 1960*, a contemporary version of Choderlos de Laclos' celebrated old shocker by the young French director Roger Vadim. What on earth persuaded the French authorities (the matter was decided at cabinet level) to refuse an export visa to this film, on the grounds that it might damage France's moral reputation, is a complete mystery. The Paris film industry churns out far more erotic specimens every month. In any case, as might have been expected, the ban was the making of the film's box-office success. Although it opened on the Champs-Elysées as long ago as last September, *Liaisons* – equipped with English subtitles and the blurb 'The Film You Can't See Back Home' – is still playing to packed houses on the *grands boulevards*. This in itself would be enough to explain Vadim's extraordinary popularity and his notoriety as the crowned prince of the *Nouvelle Vague* in the French cinema.

But in fact Vadim made his name long before *Liaisons*. The Vadim story began nearly six years ago and has already transformed three unknown careerists into national – indeed, international – figures. At that time, Vadim - his real name is Vadim Plemiannikov – was twenty-five years old and the proud possessor of a buxom young wife, one Brigitte, daughter of a respectable upper middle-class family from the 16th Arrondisement called Bardot. The third of this unknown trio was Raoul Lévy, a cinema producer of large ambitions but slender funds.

Lévy recognised in Vadim, who was then without experience, a director of unusual flair and decided to back him with, literally, his bottom dollar. Somehow or other, he managed to scrape together nearly £200,000, and Vadim, with the help of Brigitte, made *And God Created Woman* – which, say the Parisians, should have been called *And Vadim Created Bardot*. Lévy had backed a winner: the film made over $4 million in the States alone, and turned him, overnight, into France's biggest producer. As for Bardot, she was not only immediately recognised as a world star, but also as a kind of sociological phenomenon, worthy to engage the critical attention of no less a person than Simone de Beauvoir. Vadim, too, got his reward: he became *un cas*.

The magical succes of youthful talent always sets its mark on a generation. Young people in France can now be divided into three main categories: those who want to write novels like Françoise Sagan, those who want to capitalise their curves like Brigitte Bardot, and those who want to combine both worlds, like Roger Vadim. The setting is the same for all three: the sun-and-whisky civilisation of St Tropez. Such aspirations accord well with France's current mood of political sloth and buried idealism. *Le cas Sagan* and *Le cas Vadim* have a good deal in common. Both portray an ambience in which morals are easy, pleasure the goal, money the background. If their heroes and heroines are already bored with it all, they are not a whit less attractive to those who have never been to a smart Paris night club, sat on the terrace of a Riviera villa, or driven a sports-car, barefoot. An easy life, punctuated only by erotic adventure: if this is what the youth of France seems to want, their elders have only themselves to blame. They have failed to offer an alternative worth caring for. Ironically, where De Gaulle rules, money and sex are king. This was precisely the moral climate Vadim sought for his talent.

His friends maintain that Vadim, as his Russian blood might lead one to expect, is a tortured soul. Even as a boy (he was a pupil at the Dullin Drama School) he was gifted with a power of self-analysis beyond his years, with a burning desire to impress himself on the world, as actor, writer, director. Moreover, he not only wanted to be known, to be recognised, but also to be envied. This desire to arouse envy has made Vadim an exhibitionist of an unusual kind, which found its expression in his first film. By screening his wife in a succession of strip-tease scenes, he sought to arouse in the men who saw it the desire to possess the *baby vamp* and so – this is the point – the desire to be in her husband's place. Other men find it disagreeable for their wives to receive homage of this kind (Bardot's second husband is a case in point); Vadim gets as much pleasure from this as from his professional triumphs.

But having created Bardot, having fashioned a phenomenon, a symbol, out of ordinary life-statistics, Vadim immediately lost her. Undismayed, he began to look for her replacement even before she announced her engagement to an unknown and charming singer, one Sacha Distel, who has since dogged Vadim's fate with curious persistence. Vadim's choice for the new experiment fell on a young Danish cover-girl, Annette Stroyberg, who, despite her looks, was leading a sad little existence in Paris. Her striking resemblance to her predecessor perhaps explains why Vadim was able to spot her so quickly. Annette, according to what she told the press at the time, had not the slightest intention of becoming a film-star. She just wanted, said she, to be a good wife and mother. But Vadim, who went on to make two more films with Raoul Lévy, had other ideas. His wife would be a star, and in *Liaisons*, he hurled her at the public in the difficult role of Madame de Tourvel, playing against Gérard Philipe. It was an honourable performance, if not a great one, and though Stroyberg has not yet eclipsed Bardot, she already gets her sacks of fan letters. It is confidently predicted that her next film, *Et Mourir de Plaisir*, which Vadim has adapted from Sheridan Lefanu's *Willing to Die*, will put her in the world class. This, at any rate, is the view of Paramount, which has already given Vadim a massive contract for his next three films – the first, about you-know-what, to be shot in Tahiti.

For a star to leave her director-husband is the oldest hat in the world. Nevertheless, when Vadim, from his bed of pain in a smart clinic (where he was being operated on for a mis-set collar-bone), telephoned his lawyer and instructed him to take divorce proceedings against Stroyberg, a wave of violent emotion swept through the youth of France. There was a brief reconciliation, then Stroyberg fled a second time – into the arms of the ubiquitous Sacha Distel. All those concerned held daily press conferences, to establish their good faith. 'I'm not a homebreaker. It's just that Annette is the woman of my life', said Distel 'confidentially' to France's biggest daily paper. 'The only important thing in my life is my wife, whom I fear I have lost and whom I love passionately', riposted Vadim, at the end of a lengthy declaration, setting out the highlights of his personal drama in some detail.

In the end, the better man won. After an interview off Cannes, aboard the yacht *Don Juan* (described as belonging to 'the Italian playboy Buzzetti') Stroyberg wrote a letter of apology to Distel, and returned to the marital hearth. The popular press warmly applauded her decision, which accords with the pattern of bourgeois morality, if not of Vadim's films, and in the midst of expressions of general relief, the reunited couple left for Tahiti, the island of happiness and romance.

Not surprisingly, the antics of the Vadim circus have aroused some suspicion. Was it all arranged, ignoble minds have asked, as a stunt? Had Vadim, who certainly possesses a rare talent for catching headlines, placed himself in the ridiculous position of an injured husband purely to drum up publicity for his next film? It would seem not. His public confessions, his emotional strip-tease shows in front of the press are spontaneous, indeed highly characteristic of the Slav habit of public breast-beating, so well described by Dostoievsky. Unconsciously perhaps, Vadim has revealed the deepest secrets of his nature: France's most fashionable film-director is, above all, an exile from the Slav world who has found, in the exploitation of the erotic, his only interest in contemporary French society. As with Dostoievsky's heroes, in attempting to defend himself, he takes a diabolic pleasure in exhibiting his sufferings in public. This is perhaps the reason why Vadim is not just a Pygmalion, the creator of a Bardot or a Stroyberg, but also, in a sense, an artist who manages to evoke a mood of

deep sorrow in films which, superficially, are centred on the erotic. This is why he has fitted so well into the French tradition, which demands that licence be fatally linked to spiritual disquiet.

Vadim's work and success seem facile, based solely on the skilful exploitation of the beauty and erotic strategy of women. At first glance, *le cas Vadim* seems an example of sheer chance: to become a Vadim all one needs is to team up with a Bardot and a Raoul Lévy. In fact, the phenomenon of Vadim is much more complex. He is something more than a creator of public goddesses and private scandals. He is a conjuror of emotions, and the fascination which he exerts may prove to be something much less ephemeral than the whim of a generation without heroes. *Le cas Vadim* is only just beginning.

The Revolution in Soccer

W. JOHN MORGAN

The ancient game and, more recently, the big business of British soccer is being dragged kicking and screaming into the second half of the 20th century and most of the current quarrels and hatchetwork arise from reluctance at the operation. The scene is confused. But among the confusion a number of curious sporting tableaux are visible. When, for example, the players' representatives meet the employers' (the League) representatives, a man from the Ministry takes the chair. The two sides are in dispute, the players wanting more than a maximum wage of £20 a week, and their primitive contract system reformed. Meanwhile the League signs a contract with commercial television for the broadcasting of 20 League matches for the low fee of £150,000 (£50,000 of which it will spend on advertising), to which powerful clubs like Sheffield W. and Arsenal, for whom it has signed, strongly object. At the same time the Football Association agrees to its cup matches being televised by the BBC. The fact that a committee from these two groups of soccer administrators was at the same time considering the whole question of televising football matches, and that some men are members of both groups, suggests a lack of co-ordination and teamwork which, to put it mildly, sets a poor example to the boys on the field.

The backdrops to these tableaux are the stadium terraces, where the crowds grow smaller. This season already 315,000 fewer people have watched league matches compared with last. Attendances are dropping to the level of the depressed Thirties. The English international side (selected by the Association, not the League) has won only one of its last 12 matches abroad. The British male is forsaking football grounds on Saturday afternoons to go shopping, or to watch on TV bizarre sporting substitutes like swimming and show-jumping. A state of crisis exists and British football, as the public has come to know it, is on the point of toppling off the world stage.

Why should a game which, in its prime, attracted over a million spectators every Saturday, in which British teams were the best in the world, and which at its best also presents, at two or three shillings a throw, one of the most attractive of sporting spectacles, have fallen so low that it seizes on a poor TV fee as a lifeline, while the crowds disperse and the higher skills seem the preserve of Spaniards, Brazilians and countries behind the Curtain? I think, after talking to professional footballers, that the most convincing answer is the one advanced by the captain of the Tottenham Hotspur team, Danny Blanchflower.

His thesis is that the sport is still organised in the fashion of the past: 'It is still a family business. But the other family businesses of 50 years ago are now multi-millionaire concerns'. Soccer, he argues, needs the spirit of a Marks & Spencer. Larger units must be established to survive and show a profit – that is, both financially and in terms of skill – in the tough competition of modern world soccer. This will mean small clubs going to the wall or reverting to amateurism. There might be large clubs in provincial areas, possibly representing counties, in the manner of cricket, rather than towns. Naturally, cities like Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham would still have two clubs since they clearly can afford them.

This arrangement, he believes, would raise standards, which is something all good professional footballers want to see happen. 'Every footballer in his heart,' he says, 'wants the sense of being the best and of belonging to the best'. A smaller number of teams, each of a high standard, would have the effect of 'increasing the temper of competition', heightening the quality and tempo of play. Stadiums would be large and better equipped, and the motor-car owning public would find no difficulty in travelling 20 or 30 miles to see a team play.

But apart from being the most intelligent and articulate of footballers – they aren't usually good talkers – Danny Blanchflower is also the captain of a team which, more than any other in Britain, except Burnley, can hold its own with foreign sides. The difficulty at Tottenham is not in filling the stands but in trying to cram everyone in. His team cost nearly £250,000 to build-up, with star players being bought from Aston Villa, Swansea and north of the border. It is notoriously easier to be rational and far-seeing when you're successful than when problems of survival occupy you from day to day, as they do smaller clubs.

These clubs, mostly in the Third and Fourth Divisions of the League, although sometimes in the Second, struggle along before crowds as small as 4,000, playing a poor kind of football, often dominated by a local businessman fulfilling a passion from his days of innocence, and usually with the lack of success that marks such fantasies. The crowd huddles in the rain and all young players of quality are sold to richer clubs. Local supporters, formed into associations, may raise money for players' kit or even stands to keep out the rain. The banks are usually generous with loans. The players, who seldom earn the maximum wages, may have part-time jobs. When they reach their early thirties they can no longer stand the pace and either vanish into clubs outside the league, or stay on, pathetically, compensating for their lack of speed with devices for slowing-down opponents. Only the truly devoted or patriotic can bear to watch.

The experience of these struggling clubs would seem to support the Blanchflower thesis. The motor car and the exhibition, on TV, of the best that soccer has to offer, has turned the public away. But this is a situation the local moguls understandably find too poignant to recognise. Who is to hurry along the process of decline and persuade them to accept it? By signing the recent television contract the Football League is in one way arresting decline since each club can expect £1,000 from the deal (Tottenham gets ten times as much in gate receipts from each home game). At the same time, though, the televising of matches of a high standard will make the public in small communities increasingly discontented with the low standard of play their own team provides. Television, in fact, may reverse the usual operation of Gresham's Law in the commercial world: the good may drive out the bad.

Even supposing, though, that football's administrators untangle themselves sufficiently from their struggle for power seriously to face the need to reorganise the structure of British football, two further problems still remain. The one concerns the timing of the football season; the other the wages and conditions of the players.

With exceptions, it is usually true that football is at its most skilful and attractive on dry ground. British football, on the other hand, is often played in snow and rain, when brute force triumphs at the expense of more sophisticated forms of strategy. So why not rearrange the season so that games are not played in the months between November and March? Equally, since evening matches are now not only as practicable but even more visually dramatic, because of floodlighting, why not abandon the Saturday afternoon habit?

But none of the traditional and outworn structure of the game will be more difficult to tear down and replace than the players' conditions. There are now 2,700 members of the Professional Footballers Association. (Their chairman is Jimmy Hill of Fulham, whom I met at the Oval, where he was presenting a cup and half a dozen bottles of champagne, on behalf of Brylcreem, to a member of the Glamorgan cricket team who had taken the most catches in August.) These players are bound to clubs by annual contracts. They may be sold to other clubs for sums up to £45,000, of which they'll receive one per cent, the whole deal taking place, as I remember when two neighbours of mine were bartered at huge fees, in an atmosphere combining a cattle-market with Bulldog Drummond espionage. The most players can earn is £20 a week, plus a variety of bonuses depending on their clubs' success in cup and league. Yet they may be men whom 50,000 people cheer every week.

Star players are quick to tell you that Di Stefano of Real Madrid last year earned £25,000. But there are some ten British players whose income lies between £4,000 and £5,000, perhaps a quarter of it coming from football and the rest from newspaper articles and advertising campaigns or jobs at which they make token appearances. Usually they play for London or Manchester clubs.

Most players would prefer to win their money in the game, for which, in spite of all the current uproar and back-biting, they still have a passion. So they want a greater flexibility in the wage structure and they want freedom and security in the contract system. Their chances, as with all the other necessary changes, depend on a revolution in soccer which in turn depends on the administrators grasping the central fact that professional soccer is now a world-wide entertainment business and needs to be organised – and the players rewarded – on that scale. The age of the cloth cap and the muffler is dead. It has been succeeded by one of comfort-lovers and cosmopolitans, by a soccer Common Market.

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IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1

ICI

VISION, VISION! MR WOODCOCK!

The TUC, meeting next week, will have before it a resolution calling upon Congress to consider how the Trade Union Movement can help the arts. We have asked a number of artists and writers distinguished in various fields to give their views on the most effective ways in which unions can further contribute to the cultural life of the country.

Victor Pasmore

The question as to whether the trade unions should extend their responsibility to include the cultural development of the rank and file of organised labour depends on whether the Movement regards itself as a developing organisation or merely as a static institution with limited terms of reference.

The trouble is, however, that the TUC is nothing like out of the wood in respect to economic problems. Looming up in front of it is the spectre of the second industrial revolution with all the difficulties which are likely to arise as a result of mechanical automation and the development of a new type of industrial worker. In calling upon the TUC to interest itself in the arts, therefore, it is essential to ensure that a realistic relationship between the trade unions and the idea of art is established. The mere provision of ersatz entertainment in the form of isolated works of art by professional artists only approaches the problem from the outside. What is more important on this level is adequate provision and facilities for self-expression and self-development in leisure time.

However, before an ersatz artistic culture is imposed on the industrial worker, it might be better to show him that he is already engaged on some of the finest products of scientific culture yet achieved in the history of man. The Comet aircraft, for instance, is a constructional design of great beauty which would have driven Leonardo da Vinci half crazy with admiration had he been able to see it. The worker should not only know this, but he should also be shown that there is nothing to fear from modern machine-power provided it is regarded as a human tool and not as a human substitute. If the worker knows that he is contributing to something worthwhile, he will inevitably take pride in what he is doing and derive enjoyment from it.

Culture is not measured only by paintings, musical compositions, poetry and theatrical plays; on the contrary it includes science, philosophy, mathematics and religion. Obviously it is not the prerogative of the trade unions to embrace all this. The proper terms of reference for the trade unions lie in relation to the worker and his workshop. In this respect the worker is entitled to healthy and inspiring environment; so that it would be reasonable to expect the unions to take it upon themselves to ensure that factory design is given to responsible architects and artists who have the worker as well as the commodity in mind.

Lastly it is becoming increasingly clear that the twentieth century is bringing into being a reassessment of the relationship between the liberal arts, industrial technology and social responsibility. The new architecture, for instance, is the direct outcome of the architect abandoning the academies of Fine Art and developing an aesthetic through association with the techniques of the industrial engineer. In men like Corbusier in Paris, Gropius in Germany and America, Nervi in Italy, Niemeyer in Brazil, Noguchi in America, Doesburg in Holland, Tatlin in Russia and Moore, Hepworth, Fry, Smithson here a new type of artist has emerged. The link between art and technology, broken by the artists of the Renaissance, is gradually being reforged. It is in relation to this development that the trade unions, by recognising the importance of the arts, can play a unique and creative role.

J. B. Priestley

For the purpose of this article I am assuming that the trade unions wish to help the Theatre. How can they best do this? That is the question I have to answer here, and it seems to me that a good answer is hard to find. But some time might be saved if I declare at once what I think the unions should not try to do. They should not venture into West End management, or, for that matter, into management anywhere else. They should not – except in very unusual circumstances – simply hand money over to dramatic enterprises, trying to make good their losses. On the other hand, they should not even begin to think in terms of a TUC sort of Theatre.

Now what is wrong with our Theatre can be briefly and simply stated. It is losing its audience. And no audience, no Theatre. If fewer and fewer people attend the Coketown Grand or Rep, then very soon Coketown will not have a playhouse. (I have been told, though I cannot vouch for the figure, that since the War 175 theatres have closed down in Britain.) Subsidies for managements, fellowships for dramatists and directors, financial awards to players, all these may do some good, but if the whole drift is away from the Theatre, its decay cannot be arrested.

Another point is worth making here. The Theatre, compelled by its very nature, tries to please its patrons. If its chief patrons are idle-minded types wanting a night out, then the kind of dramatic fare it mostly provides will appeal to these types and to nobody else. If active-minded young trade unionists never go near a playhouse, then the sort of play they would enjoy will not be produced. How can this vicious circle be broken? Possibly by subsidising the kind of play that would attract this kind of audience. But the best way, for good psychological reasons as well as financial ones, is to make a large-scale and well-organised effort to bring this audience back to the Theatre.

It is the very people who are largely members of unions, now working shorter hours and earning bigger wages than their fathers and grandfathers, who have deserted the Theatre. In their lives it hardly exists, even though night after night, watching TV, they are indebted to dramatic art to which they have never perhaps contributed a penny (*e.g.* to directors and players who learnt their job in the Theatre). What keeps them away? TV of course, and with it better rooms to stay at home in than their fathers had. Again, the idea, following perhaps one or two disappointing visits to a playhouse, that the Theatre is not for them: all those productions originally intended to keep certain types amused until the night clubs opened. And finally, the grinding ordeal of big town transport nowadays. A man who has just made one wearisome journey from his place of work to his home is in no mood to undertake two more journeys before he goes to bed.

Now my difficulty at this point is that while I know a good deal about the Theatre, I know very little about the unions. But at least we can assume, I imagine, that in every industrial area they have at their disposal some machinery of organisation and publicity and access to some welfare funds, however modest. All these should be used to set up and give some authority to a drama committee. Its prime object would be to provide a link between union members and the Theatre. Where good playhouses already existed, the committee would give the maximum publicity to the right kind of production, arrange in advance for block bookings, and sooner or later offer a guarantee to touring or resident managements that they would have adequate support. Where, as in many large towns now, there is no playhouse, the local committee would work with groups determined to have one. (And, wherever possible, a smallish new playhouse should be built well away from a city centre, to serve as 'a neighbourhood theatre'.) If shares are going in a new dramatic enterprise, the unions, either as corporate bodies or through individual members, might buy some. Would all this make very much difference? Possibly not. Yet I cannot help feeling that the very existence of these drama committees might begin to turn the scale, and that new schemes might be devised that I have not the wit to discover here.

Angus Wilson

During the last ten years the space given to consideration of books in the *Daily Herald* has sunk almost to nothing; in the same period the *Financial Times* has found room in turn for two of our best theatre critics and has employed one of our best known younger musical critics. No one supposes from this that financiers and industrialists have turned to the arts overnight. There have always been rich patrons. But the fact remains that in our modern affluent society some part of the employers have shown a consciousness of sweetness and light. Over the organisations of the workers there hangs in contrast a grey fog of philistinism and indifference – only a part, it is true, of the general foggy atmosphere in which neo-realism, general shrewdness and fear of the 'unsound' have clotted the Left in this country. I am inclined to think from all this that, if Mr Wesker's courageous scheme and the ACTT's excellent resolution have some results, the greatest benefit of all may be to change somewhat this dismal, artful, knowing and finally dead mask that the Left has found for itself.

What can the trade unions do to help the arts in Britain? I should like to say – simply to show an interest in literature, music, painting, theatre, ballet and so on by giving money without strings attached. It ought to matter enough to British people (and the trade unions incorporate a pretty large proportion

The 'two o'clock men' swarm over Bluebird. As Donald himself said "They've done a wonderful job these chaps, many of them literally haven't had their boots off for four days".

The two o'clock men behind Campbell

A MOTH beats senselessly round a glaring arc lamp. It's very still outside. For this is two in the morning. But inside the shadowed dome of this high, echoing hangar, there is no stillness. For this is two in the morning of the day Donald Campbell is to drive Bluebird on her first vital test.

There she stands. Low. Squat. A sleek, almost menacing blue, highlighted silhouette. And round her swarm the 2 o'clock men behind this great adventure. The unsung heroes. The mechanics who've laboured night after night for six weeks—sleepless or snatching quick, unsatisfying cat-naps—to get her ready. Men like 'Chief' Leo Villa—who's holding a muttered last minute conference right there in the foreground (he's been 40 years with the fabulous Campbells). Men like Squadron Leader Peter Carr who gave up flying supersonic jets for the R.A.F. especially to join Donald Campbell as Manager of this fantastic venture. Men like 21 years old Brian Coppock, straining into the guts of Bluebird (front centre), whose only bed for the past week has been a shake-down in the hangar.

The man of the moment. Far from the least bestored of the team is D. Campbell. Pressure was so great he took to a plane to meet his appointments. Here he arrives at Goodwood for the first, vital, test run.

This is what lies behind the glamour. This, and much more. The much more of months of patient research. British Petroleum is supplying all the fuel and lubricants for Bluebird. At its Sunbury Research Station enormous overtime effort has been put in to solve many completely new problems: to produce gear oil that would give protection up to a stress of 290,000 lb. per square inch at 11,000 r.p.m. in the transmission: to find greases that would stand up to the temperatures experienced in braking from 500 m.p.h.: such were the problems. They have been solved.

And, like the mechanics, BP's technicians had their reward when, at precisely 1.56 p.m. on July 21st, Donald Campbell set Bluebird's wheels spinning for the first trip under her own power round the test circuit at Goodwood.

Soon Bluebird and Campbell will meet at Utah. To smash that record for Britain. BP wishes him all the luck in the world. But whether he succeeds or not, it will not be in vain. For as Campbell said "An awful lot of research has gone into this project and the private motorist will certainly enjoy the fruits of it."

BRITISH PETROLEUM

BP

of them) that the country they live in has a high imaginative standard, and this without any immediate or obvious return to themselves. I disbelieve strongly in a unified culture whether it be soap opera or social realism or in trying to make people listen to the Third Programme who don't want to. Cultures in a healthy country should be many: some pure popular entertainment; some richer in content, but wide in appeal of vitality and colour; some not narrow, but difficult, and likely always to be for a small minority.

All that matters is that in their way these cultures should be as good as we can make them (good does not mean lavish, nor does it mean, alas, well-intentioned). But the coexistence of many cultures means tolerance and sympathy and this demands of the many support for the tastes of the few. I should hope that trade union patronage would not be afraid to support unusual, difficult and new forms of art that will appeal to the many only in the future, if ever at all.

That is a rather absolute demand. It is natural perhaps that a more direct return should be asked at first. I shall say nothing here of the theatre or music or painting. What about literature? There are three things that immediately come to my mind in this field.

First, there is the problem of the writer who needs monetary support for two or three years. I think of him – or her – as a writer already of promise, who is doing some full time job to support himself and his family. It may be that he can develop that promise into real achievement if he can devote himself to full-time writing. This is a stage and a necessary stage today for all serious writers. If trade unions would offer a really adequate support to one such writer every three years, this would be invaluable. It would not be unreasonable to give priority to trade union members; it would indeed feed our literature with vital material if such writers could be found. But a standard must be maintained; there the judges would necessarily be professional writers. It would also be reasonable and valuable if priority were given to playwrights or novelists exploring working-class themes (but, of course, without any political or moral bias; and, once again, only if such working-class novels or plays were genuinely as good as, or better than entries from other sections of the community).

Next, I should suggest that various trade unions could support, advise and generally assist a series of documentary novels of the type of Mr Clancy Sigal's recent book on a coal-mining town. They alone can really sponsor what could be an invaluable addition to a good though minor form of writing.

Finally there is surely a place for trade union money in a magazine of the arts run by professionals but calling particularly upon trade union talent. It may be that this would prove a failure – degenerating either into a house magazine with amateur standards, or a literary clique magazine backed by trade union money. But it might not! It would, in any case, demand social interchange and cooperation between the literary and working worlds which would be a cause of astonishment, annoyance, and benefit to both.

As Mr Wesker has said, all this is unfashionable (or is it now fashionable again?) Utopianism, but the arts badly need money and the trade unions need sweetness and light, and people with increasing money and leisure and education need imaginative life or they will die in the spirit.

Feliks Topolski

In 1954 I read a paper entitled 'The Citizen Artist' to the Arts and Amenities Group of the Labour Party at the House of Commons. The Lords and MPs present were sympathetic, but sure that reforms must come gradually – even stealthily. To my knowledge the only political consequence of my plea was Sir Leslie Plummer's attempt in the House a few weeks later to introduce artists' work in the new Post Office headquarters, shot dead in mid-phrase by the Postmaster General's jest.

The TUC is most certainly a more muscular body than the political party in opposition. I obviously went to the wrong address.

These few excerpts from my paper were meant as suggestions for governmental powers, but the trade union movement can do all this, and *now*:

Education as the panacea, education through art, art education – all these, wrongly applied, have been instrumental in conditioning the official mind so that, within the visual arts, only the Art Schools are pampered, enlarged and multiplied; the young are encouraged through propaganda and grants to crowd into them. Very few of these students manage, with enormous sacrifices or luck, to continue as artists, because, once out of school, official support is withdrawn.

The artist is hailed to prove our civilisation worthwhile and yet forgotten in practice. The Arts Council's official reports show an astonishing policy-split. Music, ballet, theatre, are given straight subsidies; their desirability is established without doubt. It is equally established that visual arts are desirable. Yet only a tiny proportion of the funds at the disposal of this department of the Arts Council goes to the artist himself. The Arts Council's visual art section is concerned with the popularisation of art as an idea, rather than with the living maker of art himself.

The propagandists' main activities being given to the easily manageable quick turnover of travelling exhibitions, they force the interest in 'movable' art, and ignore 'monumental' art, too unwieldy for them, thus holding back the natural development; and much more than that: 'movable' art being by nature for the few, and 'monumental' art for the people, they obstruct the necessary reunion of the artist with the public. Since art, propagated in this manner, cannot be integrated, but only 'explained', the popularisation-mongers may, at the most, cause ignorant art-snobbery.

I propose that the emphasis should be reversed, so that official patronage would serve creative art, which will propagate itself by its sheer existence.

A major exhibition palace (perhaps the Imperial War Museum, renamed the War and Peace Museum) would be given to current shows, at present reduced to the measure of commercial galleries. Commissions and employment schemes for the artist would be planned on a permanent basis, to include: the documentation of our time; designing for public festivals and processions; executing series of portraits; designing interiors (furniture, hangings, lighting) for public halls, government offices and embassies, hospitals, endless waiting and reception rooms; designing uniforms . . . Permanent appointments by local authorities for artists to look after and design the colour-schemes of the townscape – planning the juxtaposition of colours of the facades of the houses, shop-fronts and street furniture; creating an opulent library (not designed solely on sales prospects) of pictorial surveys of the lands of the Commonwealth; to include artists in town-planning bodies and cooperating with the architects on the plans of new buildings.

And then the festivals. The Festival of Britain, I am sure, if it had not been strangulated by politics, would have, as all festivals all over the world, established itself as a, say, bi-yearly occasion. It would serve, then, a great many valuable purposes, amongst which not the least would be the continuous opportunity (and continuous is the operative word) for the arts of Britain to stretch to the fullest.

And the art of mural painting and of monumental sculpture should be given the widest scope. In consequence of this policy, art would find its own way to the public and to its dormant sense of values and dignity. All the organising in the world may not rekindle the creative fire. But this would be more likely to happen if the opportunities matched the time's immense aspirations.

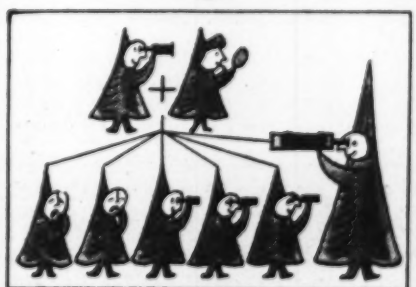
Alexander Goehr

The motion to be put before the TUC raises two fundamental questions which will have to be answered before any real progress is made in the campaign to persuade trade unions to take a more active part in the cultural life of the country. Firstly, the resolution 'notes that the Trade Union movement has participated to only a small extent in the direct promotion and encouragement of plays, films, music, literature and other forms of expression, *including those of value to its beliefs and principles*'. (My italics) In his pamphlet, 'What, then, is to be done?', Mr Arnold Wesker insists that 'Under no circumstances whatsoever must artists be called in to work with political strings attached. Freedom of the artist is of paramount importance . . .'

This statement is ambiguous and inadequate in this context. If the TUC is a genuinely progressive movement, supporting a socialist organisation, its culture must by definition be made to serve these ends. In this sense, artists will be aware of a special, to many disagreeable function; talk about 'artistic freedom' will be dishonest. If, however, the unions are seen as partners in a social contract, where they have the special duty of being an agent for the interests of the employee, cultural activity undertaken may only too easily be interpreted as a retrogressive step designed to distract the attention of their members from the instability of their social position. Whether one likes it or not, half the world is already actively concerned with the thorny problem of the relationship of progressive art to Socialist society. Apparently Mr Wesker has steered clear of the vast writings on this subject and has been content to churn up all the old and over-rated clichés of William Morris and others, and the Pre-Raphaelitism of the 'dignity of labour' beliefs which seem to me to be totally inapplicable to the conditions of the modern world.

The second question to be discussed is the nature of the suggested participation by the Unions in all cultural activities. It is my task to suggest ways of participation only in the musical sphere. Left intellectuals of today are gravely embarrassed by any mention of the serious art of music. Mr Wesker's allies are found in the jazz world and that slightly suspect world of 'modern' folk and work song. The prevalent style of these new theatre and cinema movements is naturalist as

Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE



SCHWENDEL'S LAW. By the curious operation of Schwendelian genetics, it has been proved that if a Medium Keen Watcher is mated with an Unkeen Watcher, the offspring of the two heterozygotes is invariably 2 Unkeens, 3 Medium Keens, and 1 Very Keen Indeed—i.e. U x MK = 2U3MK1VKI.

NO. 6 WATCHER WATCHING. There is an increasing tendency among watchers who have watched all there is to be watched to watch watchers. Studies have been made of their habitat, particularly of the "kraal group" which tends to build backless huts. These "hides", though vulnerable from behind seem to be used to protect the observer from the thing observed. The groups may be familial in origin, for the Chief Watcher, or leader, usually identified by the possession of the largest field glasses (but also, curiously, the smallest camera) is sometimes joined by Immatures, guided by some unexplained migration sense. A motive seems to be the desire for food, which often consists of bananas or some glutinous material very similar to our sandwiches. These are often wrapped in a caul-like substance resembling cellophane. After the meal this curious wrapping, together with the skin of the banana, is thrust under a bush in the primitive belief, no doubt, that new bananas or sandwiches will spring from the "seed" or "bulb" thus planted.

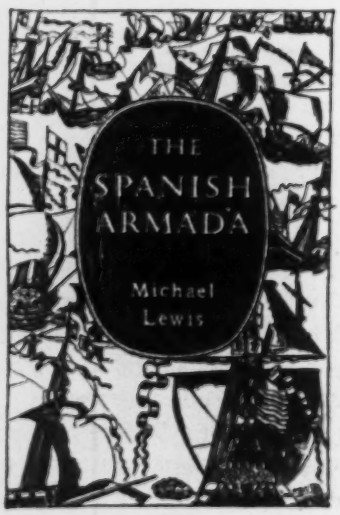
Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

opposed to realist, and this is nowhere more evident than in its use of music. The reason for this can easily be seen. The playwrights who have emerged in recent years have successfully replaced the old 'culinary' professional drama with their 'natural' and 'spontaneous' Romanticism. We have admired them for their gusto rather than for their technical achievement. There is no similar penetration possible in the musical world. *Because, in art music, expression simply does not exist below a reasonable level of technical attainment.*

I cannot see that it is in any way the function of the unions to undertake the direct promotion of musical performance. To do this, they would have to accept the role of employers, as is the case with the Histadrut in Israel whom Mr Wesker mentions as a reference. I think that the unions could participate to a greater extent in the organised musical life of the country, which ranges from the choral and brass band movements in the North and in Wales to the big Symphony Orchestras, Chamber Music Societies and Opera Houses. Probably the system of block booking and grant could to some extent be modelled on the activities of the French *Jeunesses Musicales*, who do precisely this.

A resolution 'from the top' will not help the serious, creative artist. The trade union movement should be aware of the natural limitations of their powers of promotion and defend themselves against sentimentality and the old stigma of madrigals and maypoles which have for so long bedevilled the progressive artist and made him an object of extreme distrust with the working classes. Above all, let us guard against the old association of bureaucracy and amateurism which will lead precisely nowhere.



21s

B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

Roger Planchon's Theatre

ARNOLD WESKER

The equivalent, in England, of Roger Planchon's Théâtre de la Cité is Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop. His aims are the same – to create a popular theatre; his style, judging from this production of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* in Edinburgh, is as dynamic; and the circumstances of his growth from poverty and obscurity would be sympathetically recognised by the Stratford Stalwarts. The only difference is that the Théâtre de la Cité has a 65 per cent workers' audience – and the theatre is full each night – which Theatre Workshop cannot yet boast of – and they receive, starting this year, a £30,000 grant from the Government, whereas Stratford receive a mere £1,000 from the Arts Council.

The success of Planchon's theatre teaches two things: first, that the argument that any state-aided artistic enterprise is a damned enterprise is a feeble and visionless argument; and secondly, that theatre, given time, encouragement and a brilliant personality, can become as much part of the community's life as football. In fact Planchon and his assistants go out to the factories of Lyons and tell the workers this. Not only is it as exciting, they point out, but it is cheaper; and what's more, if when they have seen the plays they do not agree, they can ask for their money back. So far no one has done so.

Since the war there have been attempts to decentralise the French theatre, very similar to the attempts of the Belgrade in Coventry and the hopes of the forthcoming Nottingham Playhouse, and presumably for much the same reasons. The existence of the main theatre in a capital not only deprives the rest of the country of exciting theatrical events but tends also to create a fashionableness about them; and this is one thing that Planchon, like Littlewood, wants to destroy. The sad thing about both is that they have themselves become fashionable, which is a reflection on the criminal attitudes to the arts in both countries. The arts of a nation are the natural heritage of that whole nation, and until this principle is firmly recognised and established all artists will be at the mercy of the whims of a few, and the decadence that everybody recognises in our society, but ignores, will persist.

The Théâtre de la Cité story is an encouraging one, and let the British Labour movement take note – they will have to listen sooner or later. For a change, let it be sooner. Ten years ago Planchon and his actors built their own theatre in the centre of Lyons to hold 109 people. After four and a half years of both a modern and classical repertoire they found they were cramming 130 people between their four small walls; a move was imperative. Just outside Lyons was a large musical comedy theatre drooping with debts; they pooled their debts, moved in, worked hard to kill the tatty musical comedy and started afresh with popular plays, moving gradually to the more serious (if such a distinction is necessary; it's theirs, not mine). The important factor that this troupe grasped from the start – which the late Bryan Bailey applied in Coventry – was that you cannot sit back, be it in Sloane Square or Stratford East, and provide your popular art, praying with clasped hands that somehow your popular audience will come. They knew that, in a society which traditionally shared its arts among the few, you had to go out and talk, argue, cajole and finally drag your popular audience in. Bus loads brought in whole streets; a questionnaire was sent out to discover what plays they wanted, whether they wanted sheds for their babies or bikes; 200 travelling exhibitions were sent out to factories, youth clubs, business organizations and student groups – and it paid! An army of 50,000 private supporters are now gathered and there are ticket offices in the factories. I repeat – there are ticket offices in the factories. Isn't that a sight to conjure up? And now Planchon is a French 'possession', £30,000 a year and a party in his honour from French Consul in Edinburgh.

Planchon is a young man, and I'd guess a 'bit of a lad.' I know I'm wrong, but I always have the feeling it is a difficult thing for an Englishman to be a 'bit of lad'. Yet it certainly needs someone in the English theatre who is just that. Consider one person with, say, the administrative capabilities of George Devine, the splendid vulgarity of Behan, the friendly belligerency of Lindsay Anderson, the gentle intelligence of Karel Reisz and the vision of Joan Littlewood – all in one! Planchon seems to have just that, and he's a fine actor into the bargain.

His production of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* has a funny history – it's the one he dislikes the most, but which has made most money. The answer to the question 'which play?' unearthed a fondness for Dumas' 'classic', but the only play version existing was by one Mackay – apparently a dull one. They rehearsed it, they played it; but it was no good. So they re-wrote it, played it again, and again it failed; so again and again they tried to make it work and continually they failed. Finally Planchon took the novel itself, tore out the pages, distributed them to the players, and as Dumas wrote it – they played it! The result is a swift, hilarious, irreverent piece of play-acting. Play-acting is the right word, with cloak and dagger and galloping on wooden flagpoles in and out and round the stage. Play-acting because one feels like jumping up on to the stage to gallop as well, to stamp one's feet in the rhythm of the war between the French and the English which is also a game. When the end of the chapter comes the character says something like 'I'm going to Paris, it will take me three weeks to get there' and the next moment he says 'three weeks have passed – I've arrived!' and on we go from scene to scene. There is a lot of noise, no pause and a great deal of invention, which is the stuff of theatre. Buckingham declares his love to the French Queen disguised as one of the palace cleaners, which necessitates his tender words pouring out between thrusts of a feather duster from the top of a ladder; and the Cardinal hatches his plot with Madame de Winter while scrambling himself a well seasoned egg.

This must be the most alive show in the Festival because Edinburgh does not look as though it's having a festival. A beautiful, stately city which seems to carry its festive spirit like a precious secret behind tight, puritanical lips. If only the Labour movement were alive it could create a fringe that would bring the local population knocking at its door instead of leaving them, so I gather, sceptical and critical of the 'posh ones' that come from so far away. Perhaps even more than a fringe, why not a rightful part of the Festival proper?

Les Trois Mousquetaires is not great drama; nor does Planchon claim such. But the spirit of his attack is obviously the same spirit with which he went out to fight for his audience, and he has it. The Labour movement in this country would be proud and excited to have such a theatre, and what is more should feel morally obliged to provide it. It is not necessary to take my word for it, go and see it for yourselves. After a week in Edinburgh Planchon's company are coming to the Piccadilly Theatre in London and you have no need at all to understand French – I could only just manage. And, if you are a trade unionist, when it is all over, go home and bully your union, because you will have realised that most of the time you've been living on gruel and you're very, very fed up with it.

Without Nostalgia?

NAOMI LEWIS

An evening at Stratford E15 is sure to be full of sensations; the theatrical effects begin quite a distance before you reach the place. Yet once inside, at the latest production, *Sparrers Can't Sing*, you could almost be out in the street again; the protecting, invisible fourth stage wall seems gone. The sharp and dazzling impact of this fast-moving piece comes from three things, you soon discover: the acting, the dialogue, the production. Isn't this everything? No – there's still the business of the story, the particular emotional attacks, the truth of the Stepney life itself. The story is no story, which doesn't matter at all. It's a Friday, 'the first warm day of the year'. Three generations of an East End family come out on their neighbouring doorsteps; the older ones bicker and gossip, the younger mooch, go courting, hope to borrow five bob. Anything west of Aldgate doesn't exist.

Granny Miggs, marvellously played by Amelia Bayntun, sets out her toffee-apple stall, and provides throughout a sharp shrewd tender-hearted commentary on the whole. Her granddaughter (Barbara Ferris), an edible, goodhearted little teenage blonde, is laid off again from the clothing factory (nothing's doing in trousers today) and waggles off on stiletto heels with an ex-Borstal boy who thinks he sings like Mario Lanza. She's never heard such old-fashioned stuff, but it starts to appeal. Charlie, the adopted boy, comes back from a ten-year stretch for beating-up his wife. And an old hearthstone-peddler, movingly played by the author himself, gratefully takes charity from the old woman, yet is a prince to his friend the sandwich-board carrier, for he has a *room*, he has *always* had a room: a Pinterish and unforgettable sequence.

Emotionally, all this is fine; nothing breaks your alert attention from first to last; only rationally does doubt creep in. Do we sense a wistful regret, dramatically speaking, that the East End scene is not today what it was? What's bad for our lives is good for our theatre, as we know. Bill Naughton's very effective radio feature *June Evening*, later redone on television, had the same pattern and aimed at the same sensibilities; but he did move back to the hungry Twenties. Today, to make a Dickensian villain, a sort of Bumble or Gradgrind out of the National Assistance official is an error of mood and fact which the producer should know better than to

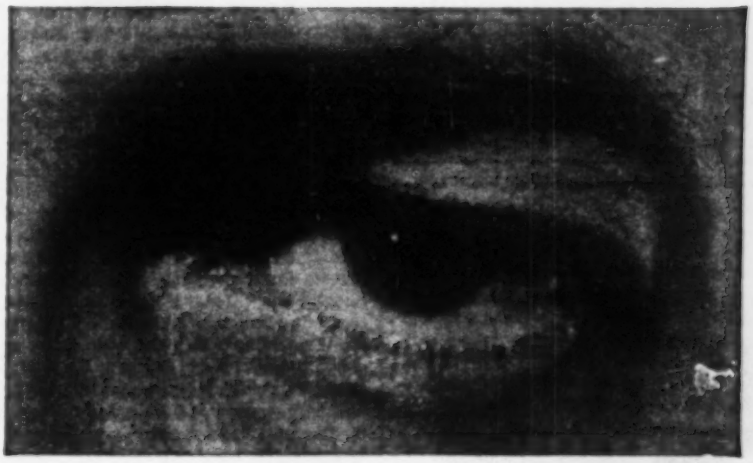
LONDON

On Independent Television

Next Tuesday at 9.35 p.m.

sparrow sparrow

by Denis Butler



Denis Butler, the 38 year-old author of "Sparrow, Sparrow", is one of the many new television playwrights who see their first plays transmitted by Associated-Rediffusion in the course of a year.

After writing short stories and completing his first novel, Denis Butler discovered "a certain facility—unsuspected—with dialogue" when writing his first play during the enforced leisure of a serious illness. He has since written two further plays, but "Sparrow, Sparrow" is his first television play and the first to go into production directed by Mark Lawton with Cec Linder, Lisa Daniely and Rex Garner cast in the leading roles.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

London's Television

allow. But the thing is immensely stimulating and should be seen.

The Strand Theatre's current show is more than a continent away. *The Princess*, it is now no secret to reveal, is about a Princess: a sort of ballet, conceived in a theatre at Palm Beach, Florida, USA, endowed by a kindly yeast magnate. To sum up the tale, she falls under a spell, as these royal young ladies have a proneness to do, and loses her power to laugh. The court tries everything. Seven years pass etc, etc. The Princess appears (cheerfully) at the age of twelve and (tearfully) some seven years later, thus providing rôles for *two* very pleasing ballerinas, Miss Claudia Cravey, a neat and gay little dancer, and the elegant Mlle Violette Verdy, who brought a Continental elegance to her melancholy part.

Neither choir nor programme helped to solve the tangles of the plot within its outer simplicities: why, for instance, were those other Virtues (Wisdom, Love etc) so ineffectual? But the printed notes do offer a clue to a great deal else. The librettist and choreographer, for instance, an attractive young lady called Jo Anna, who also takes the rôle of 'Tears', permits herself to say: 'I found myself getting such a kick out of creating this part, enacting every little nuance as I went along, that I simply could not resist dancing it.' Happily, her dancing is better than her use of words. It was clear enough that a good time was had by all the company, but is that enough? Many of the classical ballets had absurd enough stories, but at least they did have music by Tchaikowsky or Delibes. So did this at times, but not at first hand.

It cannot be said that *Rose Marie* lacks range of plot. As it happened, I found myself in the unique position of never having seen this show before – vaguely thinking, if I thought at all, that it took place in Old Vienna like the rest. This was not the case. It opened, if you did not know, in Lady Jane's Saloon in the Canadian Rockies: mounties, trappers, ranchers, redskins stomping in, snow on their eyelashes, thickly wadded from head to foot against the cold – all, that is, but an Indian girl (Miss Gillian Lynne) of disturbing glance and sinuous shape, closely attired in rather less than a yard of native folk weave of highly expensive cut. Was this Rose Marie? No, it was Wanda, the dangerous thing – and here at last was the girl herself (Miss Stephanie Voss), a four or five-foot rosebud dressed like those heroines in early editions of Angela Brazil: white blouse, long blue skirt, hair done that way.

But presently (did you know, by the way, that there was a surprisingly sinful scene in a log cabin?) the amiable dude (Mr Ronnie Stevens) who tried to rough it reverts to nature, and we make a startling shift to his 'Couturier's Salon' in Quebec. Lady Jane has happily moved from saloon to salon to be with her Herman, and here she is, the splendid creature, looking as delicious in a gown made apparently of lettuce leaves laced with mayonnaise as she did in that one of her barroom days made of quantities of pink meringues. This couple were better value, I thought, than the hero and heroine, who were enduring their broken hearts with such amazing practical good spirits. Rose Marie, indeed, seemed admirably adjusted to her approaching nuptials with a rich and anxious gentleman, greying at the temples but of rather impeachable ethics; when she was more or less morally obliged to return to her craggy swain in his hovel in the hills, one could not but wonder. Still, honour was served, and we left her prettily yodelling the Indian Love Call, a song clearly designed for love exchanges between one alp and the next. It was, a colleague reminds me, the favourite tune of the late King George V, the only one that he could distinguish from, 'God Save the King'. They *have* a sort of difference in common. One can't help feeling, though, that even Barrie, in Peter Pan, was fairer to Redskins than Messrs Harbach and Hammerstein. What *did* happen to Wanda when she had confessed to the murder (did you know, by the way, that there was a murder?) at a high point in the fashion show?

RICHARD CHURCH: *'I read it with enjoyment . . . she writes with complete sincerity.'*

15s

B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

Flowering Bolt

JEREMY BROOKS

It is less than three years (November 1957) since Robert Bolt's first play *Flowering Cherry* opened at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Now he has two plays running in adjoining theatres on Shaftesbury Avenue: at the Globe, the very successful *A Man for All Seasons*, which seems likely to achieve as long a run as the first play; and at the Queen's, *The Tiger and the Horse*, which is receiving a deservedly cool reception on all sides. To isolate, in a very short space, just what it is that has gone so disastrously wrong with this new play is an almost hopeless task, for there are so many different elements involved. Much of the blame can be laid firmly elsewhere than at the author's door. The direction lacks both verve and dramatic rhythm; the sets are not only dull but wholly inappropriate; and the acting lacks unity and, with two exceptions, is undistinguished. Yet although director, designer and actors could all have done better by this play, they could not have made it into a good play.

'Either do things or don't do them, but whichever it is, know it,' says Cherry's wife in *Flowering Cherry*, and this desire for certainty of intention seems a prime obsession of Mr Bolt's. Of course, in all three plays, Mr Bolt knows what he is going to do. Like Terence Rattigan, he is a dramatist who works backwards from his moment of truth, and the danger of this method of writing is that it imperils one's chances of achieving organic unity. In *A Man for All Seasons* the danger did not exist, for the events of the play were 'given' and needed only interpretation; in *Flowering Cherry* it was triumphantly overcome by the meticulous portrayal of a character who could take no other direction than the one destined for him by his creator; but in this new play we have the spectacle of the dramatist giving life to a central character who could not, being the man he plainly is, behave as the preconceived final scene demands that he should behave.

Mr Bolt takes his title from Blake: 'The Tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction' – a debatable point but dramatically viable. His 'horses' are the retiring Vice-Chancellor of Oxbridge; his protégé, Jack Dean, once a precociously brilliant astronomer, now turned philosopher and Master of one of the colleges; and Jack Dean's stodgy elder daughter, who has an almost fetishist obsession with high-ranking RAF officers. The 'Tygers' are represented by Gwendoline, Jack Dean's neurotic wife, whose despair at her husband's 'distancing', his refusal to commit himself to anything or anyone, drives her to a seeming-mad act of destruction in order to draw him into her orbit of feeling; Stella, the younger daughter, who refuses to marry the uncouth working-class Research Fellow on the grounds that he cannot say 'I love you' with conviction (but changes her mind, for unclear reasons, after her father's apotheosis); and the Research Fellow himself, whose Nuclear Disarmament petition is the spark which ignites Gwendoline's hysteria. The moment of truth comes when Jack Dean abandons his chances of the Vice-Chancellorship by signing the petition, as a first step towards making positive contact with his wife.

Intellectually the plot can just be made to hold water. Emotionally, it cannot. Jack Dean, as he comes precariously alive in the first two acts, could not react to his wife's madness in the last act as the plot requires him to do. This dichotomy runs like a contagious disease through the other characters, and must have been sensed by the actors themselves. Vanessa Redgrave's performance as Stella was the only wholly satisfactory one, and Alan Dobie, in the unsatisfactory part of her unloving lover, responded well to her sincerity. For the rest, doubt held them apart: each might have been acting a different play.

In the double-bill at the Arts Theatre, Tennessee Williams's *This Property Is Condemned* is no more than a curtain-raiser, an oppressive and largely meaningless exercise in the manner, but without the matter, of *Streetcar*. But the second half, Edward Albee's *Zoo Story*, is worth seeing, if for no other reason, for the truly remarkable performances by Kenneth Haigh and Peter Sallis. This duologue, about an ordinary little middle-class publisher being driven to hysteria by contact with a mind which he cannot possibly understand, is weakened rather than underlined by the final melodramatic violence: a fault curiously like Bolt's, at first sight, but in fact far less fatal; for, having been worked

forwards to, rather than backwards from, this ending can do nothing to destroy the complete conviction carried within the body of the play.

I owe an apology to Miss Wanda Rotha whose name I misspelt in last week's notice of *Filumena*.

Musicals

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

All the triumph in George Cukor's *Let's Make Love* (Carlton) comes near the beginning, so that we spend the rest of the film hoping for more and not finding it. The initial joy is Marilyn Monroe singing Cole Porter's 'My Heart Belongs to Daddy' – quite an old number! She slithers down a pole among the male chorines waiting, is held in a butterfly dive, flung here and there, all flesh with a wiggle and a wit, the perfect morsel withheld, verse by verse, from appetite. In these extraordinary moments sex and innocence, puppetry and life, hard professionalism and an oddly appealing wanness are bandied about with the dazzling image against a black ground: the film never recaptures this magic, either in personality or song-hit, and perhaps it was a mistake to put it first. Still, the effect is to hypnotise us for the rest of the film (which goes over two hours), to make us huddle us round the off-stage moments, sitting out with Marilyn.

The trouble is that a fun-making script has made rather for tedium. The idea seems bright: a billionaire (Yves Montand), threatened with satire in a back-street revue, goes down to the theatre and gets the part of himself: he tries to unbend, falls for the girl, gets irritated, decides to buy the show off, but Love in the end sees to it that the show goes on and that the actress will jump the hurdle of riches. It might have been all a funny enchanting fairy-tale. With excitingly staged numbers, Yves Montand's expert performance in a stuffy role, and intermittent moments when the wit works, this is a high-class musical that doesn't quite make it.

Bells Are Ringing (Odeon) is plain second-rate: unmemorable, intrusive songs, nice ideas and a silly plot, and eventual collapse into stage finales. Vincent Minnelli's direction is null; the saving grace is Judy Holliday, who even off her beat and in a piece as broken-backed as this never wholly lets us down. She's a daydreaming telephonist in a call-answering agency. Now and then the sad vacuity is allowed to peep out, the small laughter, the lost charm.

Yet another musical, of a more predeterminate kind, is *Song Without End* (Columbia): the Story of Franz Liszt. 'He could not resist the temptation to make every woman his own!' But as a matter of fact, played rather fustily by Dirk Bogarde, isn't he and doesn't he! Hundreds of women clasp his ankles at concerts, gaze at him from Court circles, whirl about him in Hungarian rhapsodies; and only *two* of them, apparently, does he make his own. The film is an endless tour of concert halls, of snatches from most of the Romantics except Berlioz; there are coach journeys through cornfields; his two love-affairs are telescoped into the very early years; and he ends by going into a monastery as a young man, only in order to play us out on the organ. His best moment is when, conducting *Tannhäuser*, he arrests his arm, seeing the Princess's empty place in the box, and the orchestra goes on.

Edinburgh Drama

RONALD HAYMAN

Sidney Goodsir Smith's Festival play *The Wallace* has all the qualities that make Schiller unacceptable to English audiences. It is Romantic, it is unsophisticated and it is written with all the stops pulled right out. The passion only just stops short of being sentimental, the dramatic climaxes of being melodramatic and the rhetoric of being rant, while the brawny, bearded, belligerent hero narrowly avoids being a parody Scotsman who might start tossing cabers at any minute. But close as it comes to the edge of the precipice, the play never topples into absurdity, and for something written on such a big scale with so little in either its style or its content to connect it with the twentieth century, it is quite a feat that it doesn't.

The basic construction of the play is quite sound. The one weakness in it is that while the whole case for Wallace rests on his being a true representative of the Scottish folk, it is a heroic play; but, lacking a sub-plot, cannot show what difference it makes to the ordinary folk whether Scotland is under Scottish or English rule. But the rivalries between the barons and the conflicts of loyalties are built up very well, culminating in the betrayal of Wallace by Menteith; while Edward I's baiting of his prisoners in Act II effectively prepares for his less violent but no less vicious baiting of Wallace in the trial scene in Act V. Throughout the production, Peter Potter makes good use of the space on the open stage in the Assembly Hall.

Dürrenmatt is a very much better playwright than British audiences have been given the chance to realise. His comedies need a kind of stylisation in both production and acting which is sometimes achieved in the German theatre but seldom over here. Even Peter Brook allowed *The Visit* to lose a lot of its bite, and *The Marriage of Mr Mississipi* suffered very badly at the hands of the Arts Theatre. *Romulus the Great*, Glasgow Citizens' Theatre's production at the Gateway, has come off worst of all. Sally Hulke's sets cleverly suggest the decay of an empire in its very last days, but the atmosphere is briskly destroyed by some outstandingly bad performances by badly made-up court officials.

There was one excellent performance: as Romulus, Joe Greig did exactly what Dürrenmatt wanted in making this imaginary Emperor unsympathetic to begin with, but gradually winning the audience over to his view that for centuries Romans had been sacrificing so much for the state that it was high time the state sacrificed itself for them.

Edinburgh's own repertory company reached a considerably higher standard at the Gateway this week in giving us the British premiere of Bjornson's *Mary Stuart*. The play was put together out of material that Bjornson had originally intended for two separate plays, one about Darnley, one about Bothwell, which helps to explain why so much of the development is inconclusive. The changes in relationships between the characters are carefully and convincingly worked out; but the action jerks arbitrarily along, as if something quite independent of these relationships were propelling it. As individuals, though, the characters emerge very clearly, even though it never becomes clear how sympathetic they are meant to be. But it's Bjornson, and not the Gateway players, who is to blame for this.

A Masked Ball, at Covent Garden

The two-week season of the Stockholm Royal Opera at Covent Garden opened on Monday with the company's celebrated production of Verdi's *A Masked Ball*. The incredible Boston which Verdi was persuaded to offer as a sop to the censor has been replaced by the somewhat more credible Stockholm which he originally intended as a setting, and this is undoubtedly a service to the dramatic atmosphere of the work, especially at the beginning of the second act and the end of the third. On the other hand, the new interpretation that has ben given to the central figure is, strictly speaking, an imposition – never more apparent than at his first entry, where the hectic mincing gait is wholly at odds with the panache of Verdi's change of tonality, tempo, and texture. However, there is one musico-dramatic virtue in having an ambivalent monarch at the centre of the action: the fine music which Verdi has given so bountifully to the apparently marginal figure of the page acquires a more precise *raison d'être*. Birgit Nordin's performance of this part is one of the many admirable features of a production that is inevitably dominated by Birgit Nilsson's Amelia. Ragnar Ulfung, as the King, proves a worthy partner for her in the great Act II duet, and in the solo scene which now begins the third Act, he makes a strong musical impression in his own right. Göran Gentele's production is distinguished. The relative failure of the brilliant unmasking scene in the second act was due as much to the performance as to the production. Nonetheless, the production as a whole makes a fine start to this welcome season.

D. D.

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Note for next week
selected programmes from
GRANADALAND

ITV Monday 5 September, 6.10
WHO GOES NEXT?
Lord Boothby, Harold Wilson,
Malcolm Muggeridge
Views on the news of the day

ITV Wednesday 7 September, 9.35
TIMOTHY'S SECOND DIARY
A follow-up of E. M. Forster's wartime film 'Diary for Timothy'—showing what has happened to so many wartime hopes. This second diary brings to the screen Timothy himself, now aged 16, his family and key figures from the first diary.

ITV Thursday 8 September, 5.15
IT'S WIZARD
Jeremy learns how mirrors work

ITV Thursday 8 Sept 9-35
'The Harsh World'
One of Granada's New Playwright Series -by Alexander Baron

ITV Friday 9 September, 9.35
ON TRIAL
Horatio Bottomley—fraudulent financier brought to justice in 1922

ITV Friday 9 September, 10.35
IN MY OPINION
How good at detection are Anthony Wedgwood Benn M.P. Jenny Nasmyth and Alex Atkinson?

GRANADA TV NETWORK

Correspondence

THE NOISE MENACE

SIR, – The disturbance caused by aircraft noise is a wrong without a remedy. If in its operations an industrial concern made a tenth of the noise caused by an airline it would be restrained by injunction. This remedy is not available because a law introduced forty years ago makes it virtually impossible to succeed with an action in the courts for noise nuisance caused by aircraft.

With no effective legal remedy, the only recourse is to the government; but the responsible authority is the Minister for Aviation, and his first concern is the interests of aviation. In receiving deputations and in parliamentary debates the minister – whoever he may be – shows the greatest concern at the disturbance caused by aircraft noise; but the volume of noise, the periods during which it occurs, and the area of disturbance, increase every year.

The fact is that the airlines are a far more effective pressure group than those who seek noise abatement, and the minister must always consider the possible consequences for our airlines operating abroad if he is too severe with foreign airlines operating here. The confidence which the airlines feel is shown by their advertising jet flights well in advance of knowing whether, on account of the noise involved, the minister will permit them to be flown. Even as the minister deplores the noise nuisance he expresses the hope that helicopter services will be a normal method for travel between cities, and asks local authorities to reserve sites for heliports.

The increasing disturbance caused by noise from aircraft is likely to continue until some independent authority is found to hold the balance fairly between the interests of the airlines and those of the general public.

RUPERT TOWNSHEND-ROSE

111 Thornbury Road
Osterley
Middlesex

Sir, – As a follow-up to Mr Hyams' letter concerning the low-pitched hum heard in Kent and other parts of England, it may be of interest to report that a hum is currently annoying the citizens of Richmond, California, a suburb of San Francisco.

One out of four in this city of 80,000 report hearing 'a weird humming' intermittently during the past six weeks. 'It switches on and off capriciously and swells up in the most damnable fashion just as we are about to drop off to sleep,' one Richmond housewife reports. Police have checked adjacent airfields, electrical power companies and other possible sources of this 'murmuring of innumerable bees' without success. Meanwhile it continues. One evening recently a resident telephoned the Richmond police station to report a humming 'so penetrating that my teeth rattled like castanets.'

As yet, no one has tied this activity in with the meeting of unofficial researchers in Unidentified Flying Objects which is being held in Berkeley (next door to Richmond), much less the sound in Kent.

RALPH J. GLEASON

2835 Ashby Avenue
Berkeley 4
California

THE NAKED AND THE RED

SIR, – The difficulty of achieving a balanced view about this is well illustrated by Paul Johnson's article and Mr Stevenson's response. Both are affected by the absurd emotional charge with which we have loaded the condition in which we all come into the world, although Mr Johnson has made a much more honest effort to dispense with it than Mr Stevenson gives him credit for. Western civilisation, since ancient Greece at least, has succeeded in identifying nakedness with deliberate sexual stimulation, with results that are sometimes ridiculous and often socially unfortunate. The antithesis in the dialectical process has come, of course, from cranks who have made themselves just as ridiculous in the opposite direction in the usual human way.

Mr Johnson says that he understood naturist propaganda to maintain that the body was 'morally neutral'. That is a revealing phrase because he means sexually neutral (the body by itself is morally as neutral as an axe: only when you use it does morality arise, as whether you chop firewood or kill your mother-in-law). In this Mr Stevenson bears him out when he says that any suspicion of sex interest would mean expulsion from his club. What nonsense this is! Naturists mate just like other people, and no normal body young enough to be sexually alive can be sexually neutral. Mr Johnson then says that he found the young people on the island 'obsessed with sex' – and goes on to describe behaviour observable any day on the front at Bournemouth. Of course young men go to look at pretty girls who enjoy the process, whether dressed or not, or the species would die out. If he saw any lascivious behaviour he does not say so, and I suspect he did not. The public gaze is a great inhibitor.

Nakedness is not suitable or natural in artificial contexts, as Mr Stevenson acknowledges: at table for instance or in Carlyle's superb vision of a naked House of Lords. But it is, in itself, a pleasant state once one has got rid of the emotional charge, and the feeling of freedom, physical and spiritual, is real. It is perfectly natural in most forms of physical activity: athletics, games, ballet or working in the garden; while the wearing of garments to go into water is simply grotesque. If nakedness were a commonplace on beaches and playing fields it is not too fanciful to hope that some things might happen to our benefit. Without embarrassing gush about the Body Beautiful we might be stimulated into treating our bodies with more respect and keeping them healthier; we might put the pornographers out of business; and we might even develop greater stability in marriage because the first, and crucial, sexual commitments would not depend, as they so often do now, on nothing but the adventitious stimulus of half-concealment, to say nothing of the swindles of the whalebone engineers, We would certainly enjoy our swimming more.

W. BRYCE GIBSON

Sunnycot
Whitchurch
Tavistock
Devon

THE STRIKING SEAMEN

SIR, - At last the poor seamen have grasped the most fundamental clichés of trades unionism and taken the first steps to protect their rights by joint action. But, until they succeed in liquidating the organisation to which they are shackled and whose proven object is to appease the ship-owner at their expense, and until they realise that this means launching a break-away union, their every achievement will be sabotaged. Otherwise the incongruity of a battle being waged on the issue of a straight 44-hour week and a miserable £44 a month on which to maintain their family and home ashore and themselves at sea, with all the additional expense involved, has been duly noted. Conditions entail days cooped up on a ship, cut off from their families, with not enough money in their pockets for the relaxation necessary to sustain their morale when in port at the end of it. At the same time, it should be appreciated that the contract signed by the NUS contained an insidious 'time-for-time' clause that would make most modern trades union officials vomit.

The need for the shop steward system on ships thousands of miles away from their union officials for months at a time is so axiomatic that,

without it, any agreement on hours and conditions is a mere scrap of paper and it would be violated 99 times out of a hundred. I have myself served on over 35 ships and know this from experience. I am also aware from service on American vessels that Union ship-board meetings are conducive to self-discipline and greater responsibility and efficiency on the part of the crew. Any attempt to enforce a contract without legal representation invariably leads to the initiators being out of a job. At the same time, it must be realised that the NUS – at the opening of whose new national headquarters 20 years ago, costing £500,000 of the seamen's wages, a 5d tram-ride from the nearest docks, there were rows of the officials' cars and *one* seaman present – will dump any awkwardly militant seaman today.

The NUS must be fought ruthlessly or, as at the time of their surrender to the leaders of the Merchant Navy League who, in 1947, came in in answer to their flag of truce for the promised elections, only to be gaoled by the Attlee Government, the days of the strike leaders are inevitably numbered. The picture of Sir Thomas Yates driving his Bentley to the exclusive club he owns in Dover must have been resented by seamen and should be a chilly reminder to the advocates of reform that you can't shore up the Union from within. The elections must sweep out every Union official in the land. All paid employees must be replaced. In fact, we need to create a new Union.

MICHAEL J. BARKER

Lexden Rise
104 Lexden Road
Colchester
Essex

SIR, – Although W. John Morgan has stated most of the seamen's grievances, and fairly too, I think your readers would be interested in what could be termed the final anachronism.

Sailing from Japan to Vancouver in August 1950 we crossed the international dateline. This entails the altering of clocks and calendars to coincide with west American time. In the process we acquired two Thursdays in one week (never had it so good, an eight-day week) wherein we were required to work as usual – gratis. On enquiring why we couldn't have two Sundays instead (shades of Oliver!) we were informed that this was impracticable.

When I met a union official on signing off, he quoted a hoary old Shipping Act (*circa* Bligh) and asked me to say nothing as they'd all be clamouring for an eight-day week. As far as I know this procedure is still maintained.

CHARLES SYDNEY

138 Nicolson Street
Edinburgh 8

SEX AND PAPERBACKS

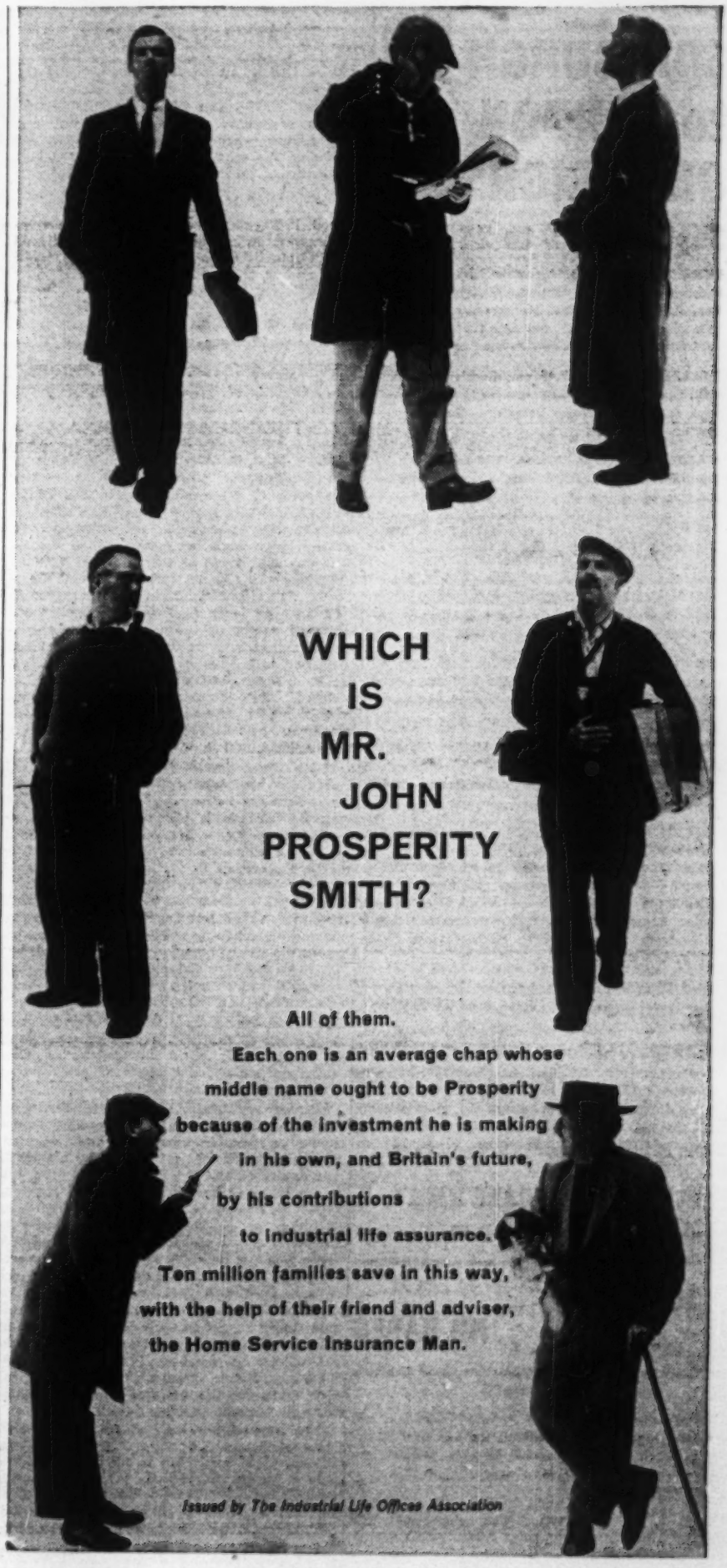
SIR, – In his review of recent paperbacks in a recent issue Mr Walter Allen wonders whether the gimmick of the 'sexy' cover is still fetching the customer in.

As he suspects, the answer varies with the type of outlet, but as wholesale distributors we have discovered that it does not do to assume that the lurid cover necessarily outsells the plainer Penguin. It so happens that my firm supplies, among other stores, a number of supermarkets and it has been interesting – and somewhat surprising – to find out that in these outlets suggestions of a world on heat cut little or no ice!

Can it be that we have all – publishers included – underestimated the public's taste? We all know what 'top' people read but I doubt if we are really correct in assuming that more and more cheesecake is all that is required as you get nearer and nearer the bottom of the social scale

CHRISTOPHER BARCLAY

27 Links Road
Ashtead
Surrey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EDINBURGH to LONDON CAMPAIGN

September 3 to 24

EDINBURGH Sept. 3. Assemble 2.30 pm Calton Hill. Meeting: Emrys Hughes, MP, Mervyn Jones, Rev. Clifford MacQuire. March leaves 3 pm by Waterloo Place. North and South Bridges, West Richmond Street, Old Dalkeith Road to

DALKEITH. Meeting 7.45 pm, Buccleuch Church Hall.
Sept 4: Assemble 9 am Dalkeith — Gorebridge — Heriot — Stow to

GALASHIELS 4.30 pm. Meeting 7.30 pm.
Sept 5: Assemble Town Hall, 9 am — Selkirk — Ashkirk to

HAWICK Town Hall 5.30 pm. Meeting 7.30 pm.
Sept 6: Assemble Town Hall 9 am — Langholm — Canonbie — Kingstown to

CARLISLE 5 pm. Meeting at Carlisle Cross.
Sept 7: Assemble Carlisle Cross 9 am — Penrith — Shap to

KENDAL Meetings in Market Place from 2 pm on.
Sept 8: Assemble Market Place 8.30 am — Milnthorpe — Carnforth — Morecambe — Lancaster — Garstang — Fulwood —

PRESTON Meeting in Covered Market 6 pm. Dr Donald Soper.
Sept 9: Assemble Covered Market 9 am — Blackburn — Darwen —

BOLTON 5.30 pm. Meeting, Bank Street Unitarian Church 7.30 pm. Frank Allaun, MP.
Sept 10: Assemble Unitarian Church, Bank Street, 9 am. — Farnworth — Swinton and Pendlebury — Pendleton Church, Salford — Broad Street, Cross Lane, Regent Road, Water Street, Liverpool Road, Deansgate, St. Mary's Gate, Market Street, Piccadilly, London Road,

MANCHESTER 4.30 pm. Meeting, Downing Street Co-operative Hall, 5 pm. Frank Allaun, MP, Mervyn Jones.

Stockport (Sept 11), Macclesfield (Sept 12), Potteries (Sept 13), Stafford (Sept 14), Wolverhampton (Sept 15), Walsall (Sept 16), Birmingham (Sept 17), Coventry (Sept 18), Northampton (Sept 19), Bedford (Sept 20), Luton (Sept 21), Watford (Sept 22), Willesden (Sept 23) to LONDON (Sept 24).

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REYNOLDS NEWS

SIR, – I share Mr Hoskins' pleasure that the circulation of *Reynolds News* has taken an upward turn. But because of the seasonal fluctuations in newspaper circulations generally, one must compare like with like: the first six months of this year with the first, not the last, six months of 1959; and it was this comparison I made not only in the case of *Reynolds News* but of all the other circulation figures I examined. If *Reynolds News* can hold its circulation increase during the current six months and show a gain over the twelve months, that will be something to shout about – and I'll gladly raise my voice, Mr Hoskins.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Griffins
Abinger Hammer
Nr Dorking
Surrey

THE NAGAS AND INDIA

SIR, – Miss Dorothy Woodman's article in your great paper misunderstands the whole relationship of Nagaland to India, and consequently the whole nature of the conflict which has been going on there. She writes that 'in 1947, demands were made for some kind of regional autonomy, and it was in their confused handling that Phizo was able to start a separatist movement'. To Miss Woodman, the struggle is apparently no more than the rebellion of one backward corner of India against legally constituted authority. But the truth is that Nagaland is an independent nation which has been defending its independence against an illegal Indian occupation. Nor is this a matter of mere words. It is a matter of historical facts which Miss Woodman cannot have read or recognised in their full significance.

The northern part of Nagaland has remained independent and unadministered by any outside power since the beginning of time. The southern part, the 'Naga Hills Excluded Area', was conquered by the British in the 19th century, but at the Simon Commission's suggestion, conceding to the demand of the Nagas, it was excluded from the general administration of British India. Miss Woodman does not mention the fact that the Commission did accept the Naga case, which was not of course that Nagaland should escape 'reform' in the common sense of the word, but that it should have its separateness from India recognised by not being lumped into the same administrative unit of India.

Nor does the article explain the Agreement of 1947, in which the Indians promised to consult the Naga people about their views on their future, and which India repudiated shortly after it was accepted round a conference table.

In occupied France, Norway, Belgium, there also came 'moments when responsible people choose co-operation instead of futile warfare'. They were tragic moments, laying up a store of hatred, division and bitterness for the future. Just as the mass of the people of those countries wished the struggle to end in their country's total liberation, so do the Naga people intend to liberate Nagaland and to enjoy the full independence which is theirs by right. The members of the Naga People's Convention who have signed an agreement with India for statehood within the Indian Union are well-meaning people driven to a desperate and short-sighted manoeuvre by the years of suffering and massacre which India has inflicted on Nagaland. Far from denouncing these men, I have appealed to the Nagas to forgive them for the betrayal which they have foolishly brought about.

The Naga people will not accept the Indian bribe of statehood, nor India's offer of 'internal autonomy' as something to be eulogised: it is only a means to conceal her heinous crime against humanity. Neither Nagaland nor India can honestly work it out in good faith, which could bring about full independence. Nagaland has suffered appalling atrocities since 1954, not 1956; they are crimes whose bald details are so revolting that they need no 'elaboration'. My pamphlet, *The Fate of the Naga People*, describes many of them in full. If the human problem is ignored what else is there to talk about?

Two final points are worth correction. The Nagas have never accepted aid either from the Chinese or from the Burmese Communists. And though Miss Woodman refers to the 'charge' made against me by Delhi, I happen not to be a murderer. Sakhrie, my own cousin, was killed in a struggle with kidnappers outside my control after an abduction which I never authorised, and I could never have authorised such a killing for it would destroy the whole fabric and the very foundation of Naga Community organisation. Sakhrie's death was not only a deep grief to me personally but an irreplaceable loss to our nation, since he was a gifted writer.

A. Z. PHIZO
President

Naga National Council
296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1

[*Dorothy Woodman writes:* There is no historical basis for Mr Phizo's assertion that Nagaland has been 'an independent nation'. The Naga Hill District was formed in 1866 and was afterwards administratively part of Assam Province. Any suggestion of exclusion from 'the general administration of British India' is historically incorrect.

Regarding the 1947 Agreement; Article 9 stated that after 10 years this might be extended or modified after consultation with Naga representatives. Such consultation took place in 1957 and certain modifications made as desired by the Naga People's Convention.

The Yengpang massacre, cited by Mr Phizo in 'The Fate of the Naga People', had nothing to do with Indian security forces who were not even in the area at that time. I have already stated my agreement with Mr Phizo in deploring some Indian excesses, but he does not mention the many atrocities which were often the result of tribal conflicts aided, if not precipitated, by his supporters. It is unfortunate that those British newspapers which publicised Mr Phizo's allegations should not have published the factual reply given by Mr Nehru in the Lok Sabha. – Ed., N.S.]

HAGGARD RIDES AGAIN

SIR, – Is it only loyalty to an author who enchanted one as a boy that makes me regret that a critic of Mr Pritchett's integrity should make the mistake of writing a full new-Statesmanlike article on a novelist of whose large output he has read only two books – *King Solomon's Mines* and *She* – and chose two only to enable him to review with an appearance of authority a biography of Haggard? What would Mr Pritchett think of a reviewer who read for the first time a couple of Stevenson's novels so that he might give an impression of criticising a new biography?

Many of Haggard's admirers will not place *She* very high among his works. (I would even prefer, with all its *longueurs*, *Allan Quatermain*, or *Ayesha*, the sequel to *She*.) But how can one write of Haggard without having read *Nada the Lily* (which has left, with me at any rate, an indelible impression of the tragic Zulu history from Chaka to Cetewayo) and *Eric Brighteyes*, a magnificent pastiche of an Icelandic saga, with a memorable villain, Earl Atlier. And still in the background remain *Montezuma's Daughter*, a novel of the conquest of Mexico, and *The Wanderer's Necklace*, a far from despicable novel of Byzantium.

Far more than Scott, Haggard gave us a sense of history, but Mr Pritchett has read two novels and made his critical decision.

GRAHAM GREENE

C6 Albany
London W1

BOOKS IN GENERAL

G. D. H. Cole and Socialism

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The philosophic foundations upon which the Labour Government began to build in 1945 had been laid in the previous 20 years by four Oxford dons. Three of them – A. D. Lindsay, R. H. Tawney and G. D. H. Cole – were Balliol men: the fourth, Harold Laski, was at New College. None of them, least of all Cole, arrived at his Socialism by way of economics. They were philosophers and historians, trained in the traditional Oxford humanities, and all of them, except Laski, remained to the end of their lives exponents of this academic orthodoxy. What brought them into Labour politics was the realisation that freedom can neither be complete nor enduring as long as it is a privilege closely related to wealth. They meant by Socialism the subjection of economic power to public control in order to transform the privileges of the few into the rights of the citizen. True to this principle of universality, they became teachers not only inside the University but outside its walls. Before 1914, Lindsay, Tawney and Cole had proved in the Potteries that the industrial worker who left school at 10 or 11 could, as a member of the WEA, reach the highest University standards. Laski, too, became devoted to the cause of adult education.

Of these four Socialist evangelists, Cole was the one I saw most and understood least. The Master of Balliol was a poor lecturer and worse writer; but he was a great man, from whose personal example I learnt to see through the abstract individualism of Utilitarianism and to recognise the vital role of the voluntary organisation in a free society. Tawney, on the other hand, I preferred to know through his books. For me, *The Acquisitive Society* and *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* are still the two classics of British Socialism – one expounding the unanswerable case for public ownership and the other demonstrating a Socialist philosophy of history purged of those fallacies of vulgar Marxism into which Harold Laski fell in his later garrulous years. I loved Lindsay: I venerated Tawney: and, if I got little out of Laski's books, I could always admire his genius as a teacher and the virtuosity with which, on the public platform, he articulated the spoken word.

With Cole, however, I never achieved a sense of rapport. Yet no one could have treated me more generously, either at Oxford, where, in the Thirties, I was permitted to share in his behind-the-scenes management of the University Labour Club, or at the NEW STATESMAN, where we were journalistic colleagues, or, after the war, in the Fabian Society, where, after he had done most of the work, he gave me the final responsibility for editing *New Fabian Essays*. What worried me was the discord I sensed between his public and his private personality. He wrote compulsively. Books, articles, letters – he was always at it, page after page, in minute longhand, with never a correction. In reply to a question, he once told me that, when his diabetes had been diagnosed, insulin was in its infancy and he was given a year to live. 'I decided to spend those twelve months putting everything I had to say into two long books. And since then,' he added wrily, 'I have been writing two books a year.'

This may be the reason why he wrote so much; but it does not explain why he wrote so badly. Here was a man of intellectual eminence and personal distinction – aloofly handsome, with a studied elegance of manner – whose sparkling conversation could so suddenly be suffused with a warm flood of passion or compassion. Too often, hardly a trace of this personality is to be found in Cole's writing – clear, but dull and undistinguished. In his case the style was *not* the man!

There were other contradictions too. As the founder of Guild Socialism, he would often assert that the Israeli Kibbutz came nearest to his ideal. But in his life he was an individualist, whose appreciation of bourgeois good living was matched by a dislike of any kind of mass emotion or communal pleasures. I can think of no one more temperamentally unsuited for life on a Socialist collective farm. His attitude to world affairs was equally contradictory. Intellectually, he was an international Socialist. Yet he disliked foreigners. As Hugh Gaitskell pointed out in a recent essay, 'he was not even a little Englander – really a little Southern Englander.' And, finally, there was the conflict between the theoretical revolutionary, with his contempt for mere reformists, and the law-abiding, conscientious don, who seemed quite comfortably at home in the Oxford establishment.

Traces of all these contradictions are to be found in the book which Cole left almost completed at his death. *Socialism and Fascism 1931-1939** is a characteristically competent chronicle of what happened to the Communist and non-Communist Labour movements in the Thirties. But, since it is supposed to be the fifth and concluding volume of *A History of Socialist Thought*, the reader is puzzled to observe that the one topic with which the author scarcely bothers to deal is Socialist thought. The French chapter, for example, contains a history of the Popular Front – after which we are told abruptly that in this decade 'there was little major Socialist thinking.' The treatment of Socialist thought in Britain is almost as casual. Keynes is not mentioned, even as an influence – nor are Tawney or Lindsay. Harold Laski gets a paragraph as 'a theorist of the Left Book Club.' On another page there is a brief reference to the work of the New Fabian Research Bureau. All we are told, however, is that it produced some 14 reports 'forming a fully adequate foundation for an incoming Labour Government.' The rest of the British chapter is devoted to the problems of the Popular Front and non-intervention in Spain.

Why this extraordinary lack of interest in the development of Socialist ideas? Part of the explanation is provided by Cole himself in a long last chapter entitled 'Looking Backwards and Forwards'. Knowing that death could not be far off, he apparently decided to make these pages a personal testament. Reviewing the whole history of Socialism, he tells us that the central problem has always been how to reconcile personal freedom with the collectivism of the classless society. Guild Socialism, of course, was his own synthesis of the two sets of values; and for a few months at the end of World War I it looked as though the British trade union movement would put this vision into practice, with Cole as one of the leaders of the revolution. The Communists, however, soon drove him out of practical politics and he decided to devote his life to research and teaching. But academic detachment brought no peace of mind.

The split in the world Labour movement was for Cole not merely a political disaster but a torment of the soul. During the Thirties he fervently supported the Popular Front and in 1945 saw the main role of the Labour Government as reconciling East and West. Instead, we plunged into the cold war, Ernest Bevin claimed NATO as his greatest achievement and Mr Attlee made Britain the third nuclear power. Cole's torment of spirit became worse, and he wrote a passionate denunciation of UN intervention in the Korean War. Whereas most of us could make up our minds which side we were on, he was torn between the reality of his life as an Oxford don and the intellectual vision of the classless society. He loved Oxford, but he was in love with the Soviet Union – and he remained in love until he died.

In the very last paragraph of his book he observes:

> My own standpoint has, I think, emerged sufficiently throughout these volumes. I am neither a Communist nor a Social Democrat, because I regard both as creeds of centralisation and bureaucracy, whereas I feel sure that a Socialist society that is to be true to its equalitarian principles of human brotherhood must rest on the widest possible diffusion of power and responsibility.

But he was deceiving himself. Cole never achieved an objective and detached position between Communism and Social Democracy. Throughout this book, for example, he uses the word Socialist when writing of Chinese and Russian Communism, while repudiating it in his descriptions of Swedish Social Democracy and the American New Deal. It was this prejudice which for a long time made him absurdly ready to see the worst in the Socialist parties of the West and the best in the Soviet Union. In this, his last book, the

* *A History of Socialist Thought. Vol. V: Socialism and Fascism 1931-1939.* By G. D. H. COLE. *Macmillan.* 35s.

prejudice is still there. Here, for example, is a characteristic judgment on the Moscow trials:

> The confessions must, I think, be taken as largely genuine, in the sense that those who made them had been induced to believe in their own guilt, even of things they had not in fact done, or intended to do.

Only someone determined to avoid an outright condemnation of Stalin could use the word 'genuine' in describing the state of mind of a prisoner who admits to a crime which he has not committed and has not even thought of committing!

Cole never reconciled himself to the split between Socialism and Communism, and supported countless campaigns for unity. But in this last chapter he suddenly and surprisingly asserts that the split is fundamental – and unbridgeable. Here is the passage in which he makes the admission:

> The contrast between Western and Communist societies is between a basic individualism which asserts, and a basic collectivism which denies, the priority of individual values. There is, and can be, no way of transcending this fundamental difference.

With these words Cole conceded that the reconciliation he once earnestly sought was not a practicable goal but a will-o'-the-wisp. The breach between Social Democrats and Communists, for which he laid the main blame on the Western Labour leaders, was after all inevitable. Human beings cannot combine Western freedom with the Communist classless society. They must choose between the two and realise that, in the cold war, there is no middle way either for a nation or for a party.

It was a suicidal conclusion for a democratic Socialist. Why was Cole driven to it at the end of his life? The main reason, I believe, was his personal distaste for the intrigues and opportunism of Left-wing politics. He was prepared to devote endless time to organising Fabian research, as well as to presiding over the discussion group which for years met in his room at Univ as the unofficial centre of the Oxford Labour Club. But he had a deep suspicion of Labour politicians and was always ready to jump to the conclusion that once again they had betrayed Socialist principles for reasons of expediency. If there was to be no Socialist revolution, he instinctively preferred the patrician regime of an enlightened Conservatism to the bureaucratic do-goodery of a Liberal or right-wing Labour Government. But, unlike other intellectuals who have come to this depressing conclusion, he was not obtuse enough to recommend it to the Labour Party. Instead he regarded it as a ground for a final and, this time, a total withdrawal from Parliamentary politics. Almost his last political activity was to found an international organisation of Socialists who do not believe that true Socialism can be organised.

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The Side-streets

A street of changing shudders. Trees full
Of almost falling tears, doorways as big as
Houses, and blackened office-windows that
Dismay a couple with their public ghosts –
Oh to be strong and certain like the cars!
Great men have pinned their names at
corners.
Dead, alas, dead. Can the florist advise us,
The vintner's buoyant labels help us,
The cigar-shop's oriental scenes suggest?
I know the quiet lunch-rooms, the cafés
Where the cakes are good, the waitresses
friendly,
Who know me as a well-known stranger.
Set on a bomb-site, this furniture store
Displays each night, discreetly lighted,
The same bedroom suite, in reduced Empire,
Where lovers pause to take some moral
thought,
Sweet it may be, or maybe bitter.
Then, the bare flank of a brand-new theatre,
Deliberate art of a defeated power,
In which the great emotions play in safety,
Off the streets, in municipal safety.
Dead, alas, dead. Avoid public places,
Keep out of queues. For such shows, you
must
Book in advance, your diary and your heart
Must carry conviction. Otherwise, the streets –
(to us, breaking some law indifferent
To him, a grim policeman plays the patron)
– the streets, the side-streets,
Unlisted schools, unmapped combat areas,
Not to be signalised, not bemoaned, not
named –
Others will need them yet, their modesty,
Their incurious stones and compassionate
trees.
Truly one finds one's level, and then oneself.

D. J. ENRIGHT

The Philanderer

The Man without Qualities, Vol. III. By ROBERT MUSIL. Translated by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser. *Secker & Warburg.* 35s.

Musil is one of those novelists who create lasting addiction, even though this penultimate volume of his great novel is blurred by repetition and disappoints. There are interesting, grotesque, frightening, comic changes in the main characters, but they do not live with their earlier force. Musil still has his light, dazzling, daring power of talk, carrying one again and again into exquisite intellectual danger, but – as his serious theme unfolds – his excitement tires. I do not think Musil recognised that he had created, in Ulrich, a mellifluous Viennese monster.

In her introduction Miss Wilkins complains that English readers have stressed Musil's social satire and have ignored the real intention and metaphysical content of his work. There will be no excuse, after this volume: the social satire does not advance, the metaphysical swarms in. Musil, as she points out, is concerned with the search for love and belief. Of the latter he wrote:

> Ulrich was in the habit of thinking along lines that were not so much god-less as god-free – an entirely scientific attitude that leaves all the heart's God-seeking to the heart, because that is, after all, not what profits the intellect but only what leads it astray. And he did not in the least doubt that this was the only right approach, since the human mind has achieved its most tangible successes only since it has begun to avoid God. But the notion that haunted him was this: 'Supposing precisely this ungodliness were the appropriate contemporary way to God.'

Ulrich is a man of faith without a faith. His slicing and eager scepticism is an energy. It lives on faith taken in half-hour draughts. Philosophically he is a philanderer.

The basic subject is really love. Society is tortured, even destroyed, by the frustration of its loves or by the wrong, desperate or absurd choices that our longings make. We long, for example, for peace; accordingly we unite for peace; the union leads to war. In this volume, called *Into the Millennium*, but also called *The Criminals*, Ulrich is seen experimenting with a form of mystical love. His sister Agatha becomes the *princess lointaine* – the typical figure, Mario Praz has warned us, of the European decadence before 1914. The world had been made real for Agatha by her love for her husband. Excellent. But suddenly he died. This led her to desperate attempts to recover that sense of reality in random love affairs. When these failed, she supposed she must punish herself for sinning against the light and married a dull, good man. Now at her father's death she is willing to listen to her brilliant brother's ideas: that in love we should not seek possession physical or spiritual, but a passive 'other' who completes the self. She, for him, is the 'other'. They begin a 'Siamese life'; each treats the other as a mirror. They are in fact flirting with the idea of incest.

Musil is an avid player with too many ideas. He fans out the cards with the flash of a conjurer. The morality of the heart, he sees, has many pitfalls. It is all very well to feel oneself to be 'without qualities' or a *'homme disponible'* This is also one of the paths to crime, perhaps the chief one. Hence the sub-title. And so Agatha doctors her father's will. We pick up earlier characters

and find that Clarisse (the exalted wife of Walter, the pianist whose talent has gone) is becoming obsessed with madness and sexual abnormality. There is an excellent scene when she and her friends are seen watching the ventures of a wretched sexual exhibitionist from her window. She makes a terrifying visit to an asylum for criminal lunatics. The figure of Moosbrugger, the murderer – one of Musil's most disturbing creations – looms in the background; Arnheim, the arms manufacturer 'with a soul', is talking of love and peace all over Europe, thereby raising the international temperature, for he is really intriguing for possession of the Galician oil fields; the farcical, cultural, military and political drive called the Collateral Campaign – the making of the earlier volumes – is now breaking up and there are symptoms of what will become Fascism after the war – people start talking about 'Action.' This rich Central European society is really made up of 'homeless' people and drifting empiricists; it is unconsciously preparing for the overwhelming crime of the 1914 war.

Now Musil is showing his hand as a thinker, or rather as a novelist fulfilling a metaphysical purpose. His thinking seems to me facile and thin. Monotony has entered his book and it now ceases to move. The Agatha episode becomes tedious, in spite of the fact that Agatha is well-drawn, for Musil is a deeply sympathetic observer of women. Ulrich's casuistries about good and evil, a double morality and so on, are self-enchanting talk; to her they can only mean action. She even wonders if she will kill her husband. But one is not convinced that Ulrich's mystical quest can ever free itself from a fundamental perversity – of which he is clever enough to be aware – a fatal impulse towards the *voyeur's* or keyhole view of mystical union. (I am sorry that the translator describes Agatha, aged 27 before 1914, as walking about the house in 'panties'.) One turns more willingly to Diotima, that gorgeous, overpowering culture-hound, the woman with the 'soul'; this superb if orchidaceous Brunnhilde has not found a man who will treat her as an equal and has taken up with manuals on sex, for her men weary of her mind and turn brutal in order to get the business over. Ulrich is sentimental about her, but malicious too. He observes how she is addling the head of Bonadea, the deluded nymphomaniac wife of a judge – but with limited success. Fools in love are less vulnerable or less dangerous than the heavy-handed Diotima with her majestic hungers. The generals and politicians are still good but have become rather scrappy now the tide of the novel has swept beyond them.

All the same, disappointment leaves Musil's fundamental merits untouched. The comparison with Proust is wrong-headed, although in one sense Musil does present the opposite side of the coin: where Proust crystallised a past, Musil's entire preoccupation is with feeling his way out of the present into the future, to finding where consciousness is tending. His view of character has the very rare and excellent sensibility to what people may become, and not merely to what they are. He is aware both seriously and comically of the influence of ideas on people and on a society and this gives a strong bone-structure to his psychological insights. He sparkles with intuitions, that begin with the individual and ripple wider and wider until society itself is involved. And if his talk is non-stop, it has a gaiety uncommon in the novel of ideas.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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HART-DAVIS

That Lean and Hungry Look

Politicians and the War. By Lord Beaverbrook. *Oldbourne Press.* 15*s.*

Some time ago, I suggested to Lord Beaverbrook that he should re-publish his two-volume study of the years 1914-16, which had long been difficult to obtain. He has now done so, in a single volume. At 15s it is a real bargain, and has already been received with salvoes of praise, not all of it confined to the author's newspapers. One reviewer has compared him to Tacitus, another to Macaulay and Suetonius. Without descending to this elephantine level – which must surely have raised cynical chuckles in Cap d'Ail – it must be said that this is an absorbing book, perhaps the frankest and most convincing account of a British cabinet crisis ever written. Reading it, one can feel the knife cutting through the bone and hear the angry belches of consternation as the elderly Liberals, grown grey in power, realised that they were about to lose it. It is cruel and thrilling; indeed, if comparisons must be made, we might describe Beaverbrook as a historical Ian Fleming without the sex.

What, of course, makes the book so readable is that it has a central theme: the destruction of the Asquith coalition and its replacement by a team of 'modern' men who had grasped the point that the World War was a new phenomenon in history, demanding revolutionary methods of government. Beaverbrook permits himself an occasional aside: Balfour, who hated talking politics, had a passion for stories of big City *coups* (this doubtless explains why he lost his fortune through unwise speculations); Bonar Law always chose the most comfortable chair in the room; and there is a delightful vignette of Churchill, off to the wars, buckling on his sword, with his secretary, 'Eddie' Marsh, in tears. But Beaverbrook never deviates far from his theme, and in the second half of his book it gathers momentum, sweeping the reader along with brutal logic, until the final moment when he describes Lloyd George sitting, for the first time, at the big table in Number Ten.

Asquith represented the old order which the war was destroying. He had a powerful but leisurely intelligence, an imposing public and private presence, an unruffled disposition buttressed by immense complacency. Lloyd George knew that, unless he could be removed or stripped of all but nominal power, the war would be lost, or a dishonourable peace negotiated. Indeed, he even feared that, unless the politicians curbed the growing arrogance of the generals (in January 1916, as a *ballon d'essai*, they had F. E. Smith, the Attorney General, placed under arrest at the Front when on an official visit), some form of military dictatorship might replace parliamentary government.

But how was the old man to be pulled down? He was, as Beaverbrook says, trusted by 'the highly placed socially, the eminent intellectually and the respectable morally.' The King, Haig, Robertson, Jellicoe were for him. Most backbenchers accepted the view that he was 'indispensable'. The High Tories – Curzon, Chamberlain, Cecil – preferred him to any other premier (except themselves). It was universally believed that if he went to the country, with both the official machines behind him, his critics to right or left would be pulverised. Indeed, at an early stage in the intrigue, when Law, who was then still backing Asquith, brandished this threat, 'Churchill was absolutely staggered . . . in fact he was obviously frightened . . . Birkenhead left in a temper.'

In view, therefore, of Asquith's strength, the business of removing him was of great complexity. Fortunately, he himself paved the way by a series of errors. When forming his 1915 coalition, he refused to give Bonar Law, the official Tory leader, anything more than the comparatively minor office of Colonial Secretary, thus antagonising many Tory backbenchers, who saw the Liberals hogging all the top jobs; he also muddled the legal offices (which, then as now, always engender more venom than anything else). Then, when Kitchener was drowned, he allowed Lloyd George, against his better judgment, to wriggle himself into the War Office; and, as Beaverbrook comments, 'a Prime Minister who has been beaten once can be beaten again.'

The positive side of the operation rested largely in Beaverbrook's own hands. Somehow or other, he had to bring together the three forces which in conjunction formed the only chance of beating Asquith: Lloyd George, Bonar Law, and Carson, the spokesmen of the right-wing critics. Since all three distrusted each other, the task was supremely difficult. But it was made vastly more easy by a further error of Asquith: in the summer of 1916 he allowed the three men to work together, for the first time, on the Irish crisis. Hence, when the showdown came in the winter, they were already a team.

Even so, the attempt might have failed but for two adventitious factors. When the storm broke, Asquith was struck by a kind of paralysis, partly no doubt because he accepted the myth of his own invulnerability; partly also because he assumed that the High Tories were gentlemen. This – the second factor – they emphatically were not. On the contrary, led by Curzon, they promptly ditched Asquith as soon as they realised that George had a chance of succeeding, and climbed avidly on to the new bandwaggon. Asquith, who had complacently resigned, assuming George would be unable to form a government, found himself, in a matter of hours, faced with a combination he could not beat.

For Lord Beaverbrook, the Mercury of the crisis, the sharing of the spoils brought bitter disappointment. Certain he would be given the Board of Trade, he was sent by George to hint to Churchill that he could not be included. Somewhat patronisingly ('I smiled on Churchill as a senior colleague might on an aspiring junior') he did so. Then:

> [Churchill] blazed into righteous anger. I have never know him address his great friend Birkenhead in any other way except as 'Fred' or 'FE'. On this occasion he said suddenly: 'Smith, this man knows that I am not to be included in the new government.' With that Churchill walked out into the street carrying his coat and hat on his arm.

Within a few days, Beaverbrook's own hopes were dashed: he waited at the Hyde Park Hotel for the telephone call that never came. Worse still. Since the government needed his seat, he was hustled into the Lords – an unseemly act of levitation from which his political career never recovered. To this failure we owe, I think, the sharpness and accuracy of his book. For men surfeited with power seldom leave reliable records of the events they shape. It is the hungry who remember best.

Paul Johnson

Richard Rees

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Ghanaian Psychiatry

Search for Security. By M. J. Field. *Faber.* 42*s.*

How do people go mad? This question can be answered in a variety of ways – clinically, biochemically, psychoanalytically - which themselves change according to the country the question is asked in. Dr Margaret Field, in her excellent and lucid book, describes mental illness and something of its genesis in the rural parts of Ghana, together with the ways in which it is treated by native practitioners.

Her book is not psycho-analytical – readers fascinated by the vagaries of toilet training will be disappointed – but is at once clinical and ethnographic. It describes, for instance, the basic context of life in rural Ghana, many of whose inhabitants came there as dispossessed tribes, slaves or traders from other parts of Africa; it mentions the diseases that are so common they are treated as part of the natural order, some of them, like worms or sleeping-sickness, producing mental disturbances as a side effect; and tells the bare bones about the social life, in which uncles are more important than fathers, women earn their living and are more provident than men, infants are adored when tiny but neglected as they grow up, and in which cheerful opportunism and dark mistrust are strangely mixed.

Money, coming from cocoa farming, is also important, since it is something new for which no traditionally ordered ways of using it exist, as there are for the produce of subsistence farming. It pays for extravagant

funerals, lorries, workless relatives, and the curing of illness; here hundreds of pounds may be spent to cure a patient at one of the many shrines which have lately sprung up throughout the country. The priest of such a shrine becomes possessed by a god who diagnoses what supernatural cause lies behind the natural symptom, and treats it – without which treatment Western medicine is not thought to be effective. Possession occurs after a form of trained dissociation, and in a remarkable chapter Dr Field compares the priests of Ghana, the way they 'run to bush' during and after their training, and their methods of work, with Hebrew prophets moved by the spirit of the Lord. Strange things about Old and New Testament prophecy are wonderfully illumined, without, curiously, detracting from the dignity and integrity of the prophets. Rather the reverse: what a hazardous and terrible calling it may be!

The priest, once possessed, deals with the supplicants to the shrine who come to be cured of pains, of witchcraft, barrenness or ill luck, or to be protected from specific enemies and dangers. The possession fit gives the priest authority to say things which otherwise could not easily be spoken of openly, and allows the patient to accept truths without losing face. More, dissociation is a method in which facts are often more rapidly observed, marshalled and given form than in ordinary states of consciousness, while occasional flashes of extra-sensory perception are then by no means uncommon, if not important.

But dissociation is not always beneficial. It can be brought about by drumming, strong emotions, hypoglycaemia or herbal medicines, and has connections on its dark side with fear and exhaustion which can lead to mania and schizophrenia. The key to what happens when dissociation occurs must be looked for in the basic personality and in the way anxiety is dealt with. Shrines and their priests, in fact, are successful in curing mental illness when they can transform anxiety into various forms of action. Amongst women a common form anxiety takes on is depression, leading to self-accusations of witchcraft; men tend to more paranoid forms of mental illness. However, in all illnesses treatment is made dependent upon confession either of imaginary actions, as among witches, or of real ones, such as making bad medicine – an ominous portent for the mentally disturbed, indicating that schizophrenia is in the offing – committing adultery, cheating employers or relatives, or theft. The confession made, often with surprising aplomb and lack of shame, diagnosis, advice and treatment are given. Dr Field chronicles 146 case-histories gathered at shrines, showing how various mental illnesses responded or did not respond to these procedures, which are of absorbing interest.

Of a different kind of interest are two other problems: is the existence of Christianity in Ghana an upsetter of traditional social forms, and how about literacy? Dr Field shows how, contrary to popular expectation, Christianity and pagan belief are not thought to be at all opposed, shrine elders indeed sometimes being church elders too. However, the position of literacy is more complicated. The main point perhaps is that mental disturbance may exist among non-literates without being noticed, so supportive is the society they live in: the mentally ill among literates, for a variety of reasons, are more conspicuous, as are the new situations which produce the stresses causing their breakdowns. It is a basic cultural contradiction which is the real issue here, and the aims of education in such a situation are not at all clear. Dr Field's study of this admittedly very small part of Africa, however, helps one to consider such problems, among many others: it is a model piece of ethno-psychiatry.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

Topographer Royal

English Excursions. By GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Country Life.* 30s.

Places are almost as personal as oneself. Not only do we feel we have a proprietary right over those we have lived in, even for a holiday, but new ones belong to us at once if they have the right connections. When I sailed in a glaring dawn a few days ago into the estuary of Lezardrieux it was 'mine' because the great animal-shaped red rocks and green grass gushing down upon them were the colour and shape of the Arakan estuary I cruised in 16 years ago to look for a crashed Dakota. So, if I say that Mr Geoffrey Grigson's essays upon places in England are the most admirable that are now being written, I know this is partly because he likes the sort of country I like – remote hills with Roman camps on them as at Y Pigwn, earth circles that have their ditches inside the vallum to prevent the egress of spirits, shining fords celebrated in Anglo-Saxon poetry, the Long Reach of the Thames, or the Red Hills of Essex, man-made in a thousand years of firing for salt.

To get away from the subjective: there is no doubt that Mr Grigson is the most intelligent topographer of our time. He is the perfect connoisseur, knowing a little less than a professional in any one subject, but a good deal more than the ordinary educated man about archaeology, botany, geology and certain periods of history and art-history. Thus he is well equipped to tempt the reader into unknown country. He can even make me want to descend into the English underworld – down into 'the most exciting antiquity of the British Isles', the flint mines of 2000 BC called Grimes Graves; or to crawl into a Cornish *fogou* first used in the Iron Age and long kept secret as a hiding-place from marauders; or to walk up the Manifold valley in Derbyshire and into Thor's cave, 'splendid for position, pride, unlikeliness.' He can inveigle just as cleverly to unknown hills, Skirrid Fawr in the Kingdom of Gwent, Glastonbury Tor, Brent Tor, Rame Head – all pinnacles where St Michael the Archangel had or has a chapel. For, as I now learn, this angel-saint, sun-loving and soul-weighing, is descended through the Coptic Church from Osiris and Apollo.

These essays are rather short, approximating pretty closely to the 2,250 words of a 'middle', which some of them evidently were. Yet they avoid the feeling of short-windedness by a nice limitation of scope. For example, Mr Grigson does not choose Salisbury or Salisbury Cathedral for a subject, but Salisbury Spire. And he walks up the newel staircase to the library above the cloisters to read what Sir Christopher Wren and, two centuries later, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, reported about its probable safety: 'the pillars are extremely too little', 'the central feature, of enormous dimension and weight, is resting upon weak walls'. Next he remembers not only Constable's paintings of the spire but his prose evocations of its changes of colour. And

Isaac Deutscher

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everything is bound together by the precisely worded observation of a man who started life as a poet. Are there no flaws in this book? Yes, he thinks the English Channel is tame between Anvil Point and Cap de la Hague because he fancies it could be crossed in a rowing boat. He should try everything for himself.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Worlds of Childhood

The Asparagus Trench. By JOHN LODWICK. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A London Childhood. By ANGELA RODAWAY. *Batsford.* 15*s.*

A House Called Memory. By RICHARD COLLIER. *Collins.* 16*s.*

The asparagus trench was dug by John Lodwick's 99-year-old grandfather, not to grow asparagus in (he didn't like it) but to discover what the trenches were like during the first world war. *The Asparagus Trench,* an 80-page fragment of an autobiography that remains, unhappily, incomplete upon Lodwick's death in a car accident in 1959, represents a similar foray into the past. On the surface the intellectual climate is brisk as a biscuit, the style brighter than chromium. Underneath, the atmosphere is wistful, searching, deeply sympathetic with the perpetually impossible human condition.

The result, as with *Bid the Soldiers Shoot,* is a brilliantly managed piece of autobiographical writing: a slice of near-Waugh. But though the 'character' is sometimes laid on with the brush of the bill-poster, the tall brittle stories spun with a serenely stiff lower lip, Lodwick captures magnificently and memorably the heartless and artless view of the world of the young child. Often, the book reads like a series of cruelly vivid despatches from the battle of childhood:

> One morning, in Kashmir, when I was about seven and living on a houseboat, I saw a man lose his leg. He was standing on the towpath beside the lake when a big, bearded fellow came up behind him swinging an axe, and lopped off the naked limb just above the knee. The aggressor ran off, the victim picked up his leg and crawled after him. My parents would not believe me when I told them what had happened, until I took them to see the blood. They said it was cruel: I found it interesting.

Lodwick sees with awful clarity that 'the child goes out to seek his fortune every morning', and again and again hits off unerringly the manners and especially the morals of young children. The loss of his complete autobiography is a matter for real regret.

Angela Rodaway's *A London Childhood* is a lively and mercilessly well-observed study, strictly school-of-Hoggart, of a working-class family from within. The book is written absolutely without pretension and gives off odours of truth like a gas-works going full blast. The world is the rich and utterly recognisable one of the hungry but 'superior' poor where mother never went out of the house in bedroom slippers, father wore a collar and tie on Sundays and never a choker, the washing was never done on any day of the week but Monday, the dinner never later than one o'clock and the possession (on one of the family's many moves) of a lavatory large enough to put a bed in 'seemed a waste of space'. Miss Rodaway's memory fairly explodes at the seams, and there is a rewardingly suggestible element of chaos flowing beneath the simple narrative that betokens the real, if minor, work of art.

A House Called Memory, though covering roughly the same period of time between the two World Wars, has a hushed and slightly grand style more suggestive of the era that ended with 1914 than that of 1939. These are, on the whole, rather low-temperatured recollections of a London where the country was never far away, peopled with relatives Mr Lodwick might well have envied. There is Uncle Victor who 'once thrashed a Covent Garden market-porter within an inch of his life for ill-treating a cat', Uncle Edmund who knocked down a total stranger (from the rear) in the street and apologised by remarking, 'I'm terribly sorry, sir – I thought you were my brother', and Uncle William who fooled everybody, including a lady-friend half his age, into thinking he was something big in the City and died (he was in fact chief clerk in a firm of sultana importers) worth only £200.

Mr Collier's portrait of his father, too, is skilfully and touchingly done: the climax of whose life (next, perhaps, to buying his own house) was the award of an MBE at the hands of King George VI. If you care for a little vintage cider with Royalty, the rise of Hitler and the Spanish War figuring dimly off-stage and mostly off-page, this is it.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

Lives of the Prophets

Four Absentees. By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Mr Heppenstall's *Four Absentees* is just the book, I thought unkindly, for those who prefer reading about writers to reading what writers write. Mr Heppenstall, a distinguished writer, I predicted, would take the public behind the scenes and introduce it to certain other distinguished writers (dead ones, of course), with hair down and grease paint off. We should encounter the famous in (for them) unfortunate circumstances. There would be revelations. Of Orwell, for instance, that he possessed a shooting stick (with which he once attempted to brain Mr Heppenstall), upon which he would sit, with girl-friend, also on shooting stick, to admire the beauties of Sussex. Of Middleton Murry there is perhaps little to reveal not already known; but Mr Heppenstall's account of the community at The Oaks is a masterly clinical report. With Dylan Thomas and Eric Gill, too, we feel ourselves soon enough on equal terms. We crawl with Dylan from the Fitzroy to the Wheatsheaf; and hear Gill tell of the woman in Ditchling, who could pee over the church wall, and how she did it. These are, I fear, those insidious all-too-human incidents that endear the famous to the groundlings.

I hasten to add that it is not Mr Heppenstall's desire to debunk. On the contrary, his book is remarkably free of the malice of the literary gossip-shop. Mr Heppenstall's four absentees are human beings he has loved; they are absent, and their death diminishes him. The construction of the book is loose; it is little more than a string of anecdotes. But the writing is spare and finished; and the characterisation often brilliant. It is a proof of superior art that Orwell lives in Mr Heppenstall's half dozen anecdotes as he does not in Mr Christopher Hollis's much longer study. And, while never censorious, Mr Heppenstall does not withhold judgment where the subject, and the reader, require it. He thinks, for instance, that Murry, for all

the passion, was a cold man at heart. And he is surely right when he says that Orwell lived too much in the world of opinion; *1984* he found cheering, he told a friend at the time, because Eric was always wrong. And he comes close, I feel, to the truth about Dylan Thomas when he speaks of his curiously infantile 'denial of the idea of death'. He suggests that this has implications for the criticism of his poetry. I think it has.

And yet, I wonder. It seems a dangerous doctrine. Can we really eke out with biography what is not already in the poems? Do the poetry and the anecdotes, taken together, make up a whole, larger than life or poetry? Surely not. Dylan Thomas is his poetry. If Thomas was never 'mature', in the Leavisian sense (and this is what Mr Heppenstall is implying), the evidence for this must be in his work. If it is not there, we are left with free-floating speculation. The danger of biography and all literary gossip, to which Mr Heppenstall's book, in its reticent and distinguished kind, belongs, is surely this: that it offers to lead us behind the work of the artist, whereas the work of the artist has in reality (as Gill might have said) no behind.

There is, perhaps, one exception: when the artist happens also to be a prophet. And it is true that, of Mr Heppenstall's four absentees, three were prophets. The prophet is telling us how to live, which the artist proper is not. We expect him, therefore, to show us how. Mr Heppenstall remarks that it was only in their work that his prophets, or his poet, found happiness and fulfilment. Essentially, this was Gill's philosophy: the artist is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of artist. It is not chance, I think, that of Mr Heppenstall's prophets it is he, the heir of William Morris, who emerges as the most considerable figure today.

JOHN MANDER

New Novels

Skrine. By KATHLEEN SULLY. *Davies.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

A Treasonable Growth. By RONALD BLYTHE. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

The Golden Youth of Lee Prince. By AUBREY GOODMAN. *Methuen.* 18*s.*

The Scene. By CLARENCE COOPER. *Blond.* 16*s.*

No doubt whatever now about the unpredictable Mrs Sully's talent, nor her stamina. She gives you the effect, at any rate, of a seeress transcribing a vision. Invaluable quality. *Skrine* is a short tour-de-force with apocalyptic implications. Its precise allegorical significance the reader may decode for himself. It is set in the ruins of England, Thames valley, I gather, presumably after a you-know-what. Mrs Sully does not specify the precise kind of cataclysm; but there seems no doubt that we are in the future, somewhen.

It opens with a wanderer named Skrine who is cackling ironically to himself because he has just killed a woman for a cigarette and now his lighter won't work. This may sound a bit coarse but there are subtle didactic developments. After some nightmare-haunted remorse Skrine settles down in a bleak little township to teach children the alphabet. The implied sketch of this society, which has regressed to an odd mixture of violence and fundamentalism, is distinctly impressive. Skrine, now professing the remains of some more civilised ethic, Christian, vaguely, but non-supernatural, is framed by the sinister local boss for murder and rape and, in spite of a priest's attempt to save him, ends up being stoned. Just what, I wonder, is the meaning of his name? It suggests a combination of a shrike, or butcher bird, and a shrine; that would be suitably ambivalent. Perhaps it is not, after all, so unusual for a thaumaturge to begin his career by symbolic matricide.

Sensitive, intelligent, humanist and humorous, I find Mr Blythe's *A Treasonable Growth* distinctly sympathetic. This is a first novel, one of those primal atoms packed with talent and promise. One hopes the process of expansion will follow smoothly.

Superficially, the pattern is familiar. Richard, a 24-year-old intellectual, sensitive and very highly educated indeed, teaches at a school on the coast of Mr Blythe's native Suffolk. He meets some eccentric characters, conducts tactfully, and even, on occasion, passionately and lyrically, his love affair with Mary Crawford, an upper-middle-class girl who seems in slight danger of becoming a stay-at-home. But this is a rather deeper and subtler book that the average young man's picaresque adventure. The period is 1939 and the atmosphere of that curiously banal yet fateful year is meticulously recaptured, even down to one rather touchingly naive expression of faith in the government. The blend of realism and comedy is very pleasing. Mr Blythe has excellent taste; he may be a little circumlocutory at times but he seldom embarrasses; and for all his sensitivity there is nothing etiolated about him. His eccentrics are lingered over with loving care, never farcified. One of the set pieces is Freda Bellingham, the octogenarian *grande dame* who rules Copdock with the tittuping headmaster Mr Winsley, once her lover. She may sound an improbable variation on Madame du Deffand to be found in an English prep school but Mr Blythe has made an arresting character out of her. Another is her nephew, Sir Paul Abbott, a rich *faisandé* novelist, just returned from living abroad. Richard becomes his amanuensis. The mood is reflective but there is a fair amount of incident including the suicide of an aged assistant master and an abortive affair with a barmaid. There is not enough form, perhaps, and a certain falling away towards the end; this is to some extent implied in the title, from Wordsworth's 'treasonable growth of indecisive judgements' in *The Prelude*, that 'impaired and shook the mind's simplicity.' The writing is most accomplished.

The Golden Youth Of Lee Prince is also a first novel. Its author is a 25-year-old American, but well away from the dismal beatnik trend. His mood seems to stem from the heart of the Twenties revival. Some of his book reads like expert pastiche of Scott FitzGerald. His characters are Ivy-League college boys. Tony tells the story with the self-effacing catalytic properties of the born narrator. Lee, his subject, detachedly viewed, is a rich romantic of mysterious Texan origin. He falls deeply in love and never quite gets over it. After college most of their time is frittered away in the apartment they share in New York, chattering endlessly with debs. Almost the only change of scene is a brief visit to Torremolinos, described by Lee in a letter right at the end; but you read on effortlessly. A lot of the dialogue, especially the debs', is quite excellent. If Mr Goodman's class voted him 'our leading sophisticate, most likely to succeed in literature' they were not so far wrong.

With *The Scene* we are back in the apocalyptic band, though at a much lower level than Mrs Sully's fantasy. This is the latest manifestation of the prevalent American drug obsession. 'Addiction,' says the blurb, 'is too

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vicious a scourge to be written about melodramatically.' I have seldom read a more melodramatic novel than this, with its ultra-jagged forced style. However, it is not likely to make any recruits to the doomed ranks of the junkies and joy-poppers, so overwhelming is its squalor. The scene itself is an unspecified slum in a big city where drug-takers and drug-peddlers, including numerous coloured tarts, prowl and totter. There are some abrupt switches from one side of the fence to the other, from enormously detailed descriptions of drug-taking – and the great panic when the supply runs out and the addicts go through agonising withdrawal symptoms – to the Narcotics Squad out to catch the master drug-trafficker. But for all its crudity and utter lack of humour it is not without a certain vividness. It contains much expertise, including a formidable glossary. The author certainly seems to know his ampoules. There must be some genuine social significance here.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Week-end Competition

No. 1,593 Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a letter, in 100 words, addressed to *The Times Literary Supplement*, the *Sunday Times*, or any learned quarterly, supplying a scholarly reply to any one of the following unanswered literary questions: 'What appears/In England's case to move the muse to tears?' (Cowper); 'And is there any moral shut/Within the bosom of the rose?' (Tennyson); 'Have I not reason to lament / What man has made of man?' (Wordsworth); 'Who shall dare/To chide me for loving that old armchair?' (Eliza Cook); 'What schoolboy of fourteen is ignorant of this remarkable circumstance?' (Macaulay); 'What female heart can gold despise?' (Cowper). Entries by 13 September.

Result of No. 1,590 Set by William Salter

The entrance to the London Zoo bears the legend 'Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo'. The usual prizes are offered for a set of verses (maximum 20 lines) using this sentence as a refrain.

Report

An enormous entry. As TV has also proved, there's nothing like animals, zoos and their appurtenances for fetching in the customers. Verses were of all kinds, 'truncated ballades', to use Allan M. Laing's phrase, pop songs, a parody of George Herbert, a villanelle. The quotable are too many to quote, and there's only space for Nora Medany's

Rocking along to the dining car before we change at Crewe,
Wolfing overdone roast chicken and bread sauce that tastes like glue,
Spilling Beaujolais at ten-and-six all over my Danish Blue,
If only I were an ant-eater or even a carcajou:
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

Commended: Alan F. Wallis, Jack Dixon, Allan M. Laing, P. W. R. Foot, A. J. Ryder, R. Tuck Pook, J. Lawrence, R. Kennard Davis and Desmond Skirrow. Two guineas to Gloria Price; a guinea each for the others.

Chancellor, Chancellor, answer me true:
What has the Government done for us?
What are you going to do for us, *you?*
Tuppence on fags isn't fun for us.
Leave us a pointer, a little one, do!
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

Chancellor, Chancellor, answer me straight:
Is that the key to prosperity?
Some of your Foreign Sec. antics of late
We view with a certain severity.
Need there be tax on the fodder we chew?
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

Chancellor, Chancellor, once we essayed
To grow them in latitude tropical;
It didn't succeed, and I'm rather afraid
The subject is no longer topical.
Is Super Mackity fond of a few?
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

Moving from No. 10? Where is it to?
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

GLORIA PRINCE

Come-all-ye young hopefuls and join in the rat-race.
There's glittering prizes for sharp teeth to chew.
It's *fun* in the snake-pit so don't put on *that* face.
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

High up on the tree-top the Top People caper
All lousy with Background and Character too.
Their nuts are wrapped up in Top-quality paper.
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

The chimps get the Champers, it's incontrovertible;
Dye your pink bottom a luscious True-Blue.
Mate, lair on expenses and so's the convertible.
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

A rotten old Business with Genuine Losses!
What succulent carrion! Snap it up, do!
All genuine jackals should grow more pro-Bosses.
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

Don't be *alone* out there! Join in the fracas.
The Lords of the Jungle *want* jackals like you.
The weak to the wall and the old to the knackers.
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

TROOPER JONES

The monkey confided to the marmoset
(The duck said quack and the pigeon said coo)
And the elephant couldn't forget
What the wise old keeper told the kangaroo:
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

The giraffe had to bend his neck to hear
(The turkey said gobble and the cuckoo, cuckoo)
When the dormouse addressed him as Sir –
I'm a dismal sleeper but I know it's true:
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

Listen, roared the lion in his off-hand way
(The owl said nothing but the owl, he knew)
It's what I heard somebody say;
The prices are steeper in the entrance queue:
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

You may catch a cold if you deal out there
(The rabbit said snuffle and the rest, atishoo)
So let every buyer beware;
Don't dig any deeper than you have to do:
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

W. H. H. TUCKER

All nuts are difficult to digest,
Causing us heart-burn and regret,
Why should we think the dear ones best?
Why should our greedy eyes be set
On some high-priced bizarre noisette?
Pecan, pistachio, cashew
Seem to us much more toothsome – yet
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo!

Hugging our cage (forgive the jest!)
We writers quarrel, scratch and fret,
Poet and playwright beat their breast,
Novelists gibber behind the net;
Sometimes a big Ape – (Keeper's pet?) –
Swarms to the top and reaches through:
Are those bay-berries worth the sweat?
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo!

Prince – (Roe, Telfer, Laing et cet)
No laurel leaves for me and you,
Desserts on Parnassus are hard to get,
Peanuts are cheaper inside this Zoo.

P.M.

The malcontents of Monkey Hill
Put on a demonstration
To publish 'twas the simian will
To be a separate nation.
The Fellows said 'What would you do?
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.'

For eighteen months a war went on.
The keepers, stoned and bruised,
Hanged leading monkeys, one by one,
And felt they were ill-used.
The Fellows stormed 'You ingrates, you;
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.'

Then Chief Baboon and Fellows met
In uniforms resplendent.
The Fellows then, without regret,
Made monkeys independent
But made it clear that Monkey Hill
Must henceforth foot the peanut bill.
Take heed, you rebel wolf or gnu:
Peanuts are cheaper inside the Zoo.

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WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

DEATH OF A CONFERENCE

An account of the 1960 10-Nation Disarmament Committee

by HUGH THOMAS

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City Lights

The Old Lag

The government now openly models its economic policy on the behaviour of the small investors it is pledged to foster. Lacking the resources or the strength of mind to make a plan and keep to it, its chases the trade cycle up and down. It notices belatedly that the cycle has swung upwards and rushes into the market near the top; grows wildly excited as prices continue to rise and consumes in advance the profit it dreams of making; grows correspondingly depressed when prices begin to fall, yet lacks courage to abandon its dream until the cycle has almost reached bottom; then waits, emotionally exhausted, to join too late in the next swing upwards.

It is not surprising that exports, having failed to rise to their opportunity when world trade was booming, have fallen now that the boom is levelling out. The full trade figures for July make gloomy reading: the fall in exports over the past three months, the official statisticians comment, should not be attributed to any particular area or to any particular group of products. The credit squeeze may reduce the import bill by encouraging businessmen to run down stocks, but the persistently disappointing performance of exports, as even government spokesmen are now beginning to realise, is due to some structural disability unresponsive to brimstone-and-treacle. The City's first reaction to this discovery is to wonder whether Bank Rate is soon to be lowered. Grandma may be worried about wage claims and the poor showing the balance of payments will make, but to keep Bank Rate high for these reasons would mean remaining out of step with the trade cycle: a lower rate, in Grandma's own terms, would not merely be a better base for rapid movement in either direction but would show readiness to work with other central banks in checking the migration of hot money. If Bank Rate is not reduced soon, moreover, it will be more difficult to reduce it for some months to come. Interest rates have already remained high long enough to attract hot money and distort the normal pattern of trade financing in our favour, to keep sterling unseasonably strong and the gold reserves unseasonably buoyant despite the worsening of the trade balance. Sooner or later the pendulum must reverse its swing, interest rates will come down, the hot money will flit elsewhere, and the pattern of trade finance will spring back to normal: if the gold reserve were to take this strain at a time when the trade balance was bad and sterling seasonably weak, there might be a real risk of another speculative orgy against the pound. But if action should be taken now, before more hidden liabilities accumulate, a case can always be made out for delay: a high Bank Rate, far from being a bitter, salutary medicine, has become a defence against unpleasant reality.

* * *

The insurance companies, in a spinsterish, slightly ridiculous way, have begun to campaign publicly against non-voting shares. A group held up a rights issue in non-voting shares proposed by Express Dairy by refusing to underwrite it. Another group has now pooled its votes and blocked Thorn Electrical's proposal to make a 1-for-1 scrip issue, to voting holders in voting shares and to non-voting holders in non-voting shares. The point made in this case was that the two classes of Ordinary shares are supposed to rank equally in everything but voting rights, whereas the voting shares to be distributed to one class are worth more in the market than the non-voting shares to be distributed to the other. But the point is legalistic, an excuse for a demonstration: Thorn can reply that the method it proposed was designed to preserve the existing balance of voting strength and can counter, if it chooses, by proposing a scrip issue in non-voting shares to everyone – which the insurance companies would like still less. Mr Jules Thorn rightly argued that his company had been unfortunate enough to be caught up in a current controversy; but his contention that the company, but for the concentration of voting control, would have been taken over long ago by one of the giant electrical groups he has spent his life fighting, is less likely to impress those investors whose dearest hope is to find themselves involved in a bid squabble.

The Jenkins Committee may be struck by the force of feeling which the institutions are mustering, but it has received a mass of conflicting advice about non-voting shares, and there can be no easy solution to the problem. Take the case this week of West Country Brewery, a company in which Whitbread holds a large protective shareholding: it is to make a 1-for-2 scrip issue in Preference shares which will vastly increase the amount of Preference capital in issue. The issue is presumably being made, like most such issues, to allow shareholders to realise a proportion of their capital. This could have been done, more straightforwardly as well as more cheaply, by increasing the size of the Ordinary dividend: the advantage of the Preference share arrangement is that it allows substantial shareholders to realise capital without losing votes.

* * *

The latest cut in petrol prices is again confined to the premium grades which account for two-thirds of total consumption and, until recently, an even higher proportion of total profit. It has probably been prompted not so much by competition from Jet Petroleum (which has been selling well below even present prices for some time past but which can operate only on a limited scale) but by the threat of competition from French and Italian oil companies.

* * *

Company News

The recent issue of Australian stock was snapped up so eagerly after its disappointing start in life that £12m of another fixed-interest stock, 6 per cent *Surrey* 1978-80, is to be offered at 99 per cent. There are plenty of other local authorities in the queue if this issue succeeds.

The tendency for insurance companies to provide property companies with long-term loan finance only in exchange for a share of the equity is continuing: Sun is lending *Hallmark Securities* £5m, but is simultaneously buying 10 per cent of its Ordinary capital.

Wellman Smith Owen has withdrawn its bid for *Gibbons*, the refractory firm, after the board had announced its approval of a better bid from Wellington Tubes – there is still the off-chance of a third.

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The Chess Board

No. 564. In Loving Memory?

Not quite. It would, indeed, be a misnomer when remembering as universally unloved a man as Howard Staunton. I have often wondered if he was an unhappy no less than a cantankerous man, but I dare say he must have derived a certain amount of sardonic pleasure from his perennial quarrels and polemics. Withal, it behoves us to remember his 150th birthday for, after all, he was one of the greatest chess-players (and certainly the most prolific chess-writer) of his time. Moreover, by instigating the 1851 London Tournament he made himself the godfather, as it were, of all the world-championship matches to come. As for his unsportsmanlike refusal to meet Morphy, he must have known well enough that he would have lost that match; even so, it's a pity those games were never played. Staunton, with all his unbridled temper, was a very calm and sound player, and here – Black against St. Amant in their 1843 match – is a rather significant example of his style.

1) P-K4, P-QB4; 2) P-KB4, P-K3; 3) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 4) P-B3, P-Q4; 5) P-K5, Q-Kt3; 6) B-Q3, B-Q2; 7) B-B2, R-B1; 8) 0-0, Kt-R3; 9) P-KR3, B-K2; 10) K-R2, P-B4; 11) P-R3, P-QR4; 12) P-QR4 (Reuben Fine's comment here: 'If the subtleties of some of these moves escape the reader, he needn't be surprised; they escape me too), Kt-B2; 13) P-Q4, P-R3; 14) R-K1, P-Kt3; 15) Kt-R3, PxP; 16) KtxP, KtxKt; 17) PxKt, P-Kt4; 18) Kt-Kt5, BxKt; 19) PxB, R-B5; 20) B-Q3, R-QB1; 21) B-K2, PxP; 22) R-B1, Kt-Kt4; 23) BxP, Kt-K5; 24) R-B1, RxR; 25) QxR, K-Q2; 26) Q-K3, B-Kt4; 27) B-Q3, R-KKt1; 28) BxKt, QPxB; 29) BxB, PxB; 30) Q-QKt3, P-Kt5; 31) R-Q1, PxP; 32) QxP, Q-Q1; 33) P-Q5, K-B1; 34) Q-B3 ch, K-Kt1; 35) P-Q6, P-B5; 36) Q-B5, P-K6; 37) Q-B2, Q-R5 ch; 38) K-Kt1, R-QB1; 39) Q-K2, R-R1; 40) Resigns.

That game (unhurried yet by a clock) took 9½ hours, which wasn't particularly slow play when compared with games that took twice as long, and as often as not, caused one or the other of the contestants to fall asleep while the opponent spent an hour or two over one move. And who would blame them? But then Staunton *could* play more lighthearted chess, such as in this fairly sharp defeat of v. Jänisch at Brussels, 1853.

1) P-K4, P-K4; 2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3) P-Q4, PxP; 4) B-QB4, B-B4; 5) 0-0, P-Q3; 6) P-B3, PxP; 7) KtxP, B-K3; 8) BxB, PxB; 9) Q-Kt3, Q-B1; 10) B-K3, BxB; 11) PxB, Kt-B3; 12) Kt-Kt5, Kt-Q1; 13) QR-B1, P-QR3; 14) Kt-R4, Q-Q2; 15) P-K5, P-R3; 16) Kt-KB3, P-QKt4; 17) PxKt, PxKt; 18) Q-B2, PxP; 19) Q-Kt6 ch, K-K2; 20) Kt-Kt5!, QPxKt; 21) QxP ch, resigns.

Finally, here's a neat and incisive little game which Staunton – Black against Cochrane – won at London, 1842.

1) P-K4, P-K4; 2) B-B4, B-B4; 3) P-Q4, BxP; 4) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 5) 0-0, Kt-B3; 6) KtxB, KtxKt; 7) P-B4, P-Q3; 8) PxP, PxP; 9) B-KKt5, B-K3; 10) BxB, KtxB; 11) QxQ ch, RxQ; 12) BxKt, PxB; 13) RxP? (There must be something wrong if all the gambit-player can achieve is to regain his pawn and at the cost of an inferior position too), Kt-B5!; 14) Kt-B3, R-Q7; 15) R-Q1, RxP ch; 16) K-R1, R(1)-Kt1; 17) R-B5, P-KB3!; 18) RxBP, Kt-R6; 19) R(6)-B1.

Here Staunton 'announced' a (fairly obvious) mate in 2 which might serve as a particularly easy 4-pointer for beginners. **(A).**

B, a draw, and **C,** a win, are both very famous pieces, very pretty and not too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points.

Usual prizes. Entries by 12 September.

B: V. A. Bron: /16/pP1P3K/k2r4/Pp6/1P6/1P2R3/8/.

C: Henri Rinck, 1901: /Kt3B3 8/3pp3/2pk2KtP/4p3/1PP3K1/2q5/8/.

REPORT on No. 561. Set 13 August

A: 24) RxP ch, KxR; 25) Q-R1 ch, K-Kt2; 26) B-R6 ch, K-B3; 27) Q-R4 ch, K-K4; 28) QxKt ch, etc.

B: 1) P-R7 ch, K-Kt2; 2) P=Q ch!, KxQ; 3) K-B7, R-B8 ch; 4) B-B6 ch, etc.

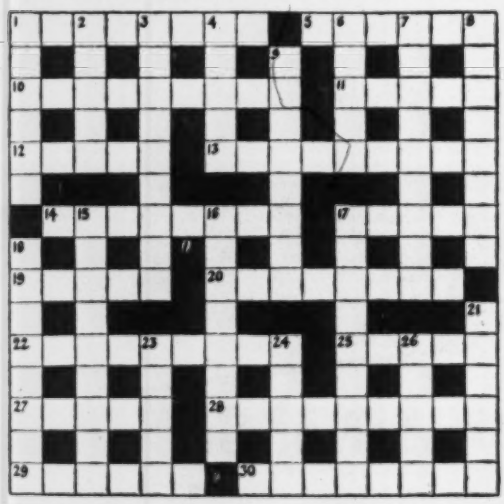
C: 1) R-B5 ch, K-Kt2; 2) K-R3!, P=Q; 3) R-Kt5 ch, etc., or 1) . . . . K-K2; 2) R-K5 ch, K any; 3) R-K1!, BxR; 4) K-R3, etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, M. A. Anderson, P. R. Kings, J. Mitchell, G. Townhill. In 562 the diagram of **A** was erroneously omitted. This will not count in the ladder.

ASSIAC.

Week-end Crossword 421

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15*s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to* Crossword 421, *New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC*1, *by first post* 13 *September.*



ACROSS

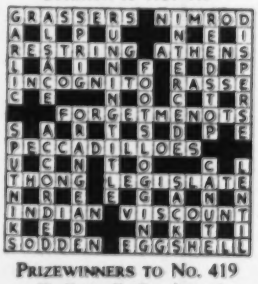
1. City which would be a nuisance if the growth were removed (8).
5. Décolleté showing an inferior piece of meat (6).
10. Give details of accommodation; it generally overlooks the sea (9).
11. The god to disappear slowly (5).
12. Articles which are a rehash from *The Times* (5).
13. This means of communication could be a great help (9).
14. The town following the story in wisdom (8).
17. The sound of the bell brought the man into the church (5).
19. Copying a page in the beginning of Genesis (5).
20. Savage decoration which provides disfigurement without anguish (8).
22. Not educated and perhaps not true at heart (9).
25. Keeps going for the final second (5).
27. Took one's place in the material (5).
28. Gay as a few are after a certain programme (9).
29. Guides animals (6).
30. Woodwork for vehicles and bed (8).

DOWN

1. The boot the family tied beneath the vehicle (6).
2. Bird has date with debauchee (5).
3. A crowd of writers, they took unwilling men (9).
4. Kill or start to grow (5).
6. Camp with nothing over standard (5).
7. Buttonhole the motoring people (9).
8. Hurry up in the climbing game for the spoils (8).
9. Boss with a piece of tactics at heart (8).
15. From realist to philosopher (9).
16. In internal matters inactively about the northern hostilities (8).
17. The quack is a help before the question of birth arises (9).
18. The crazy ass is cut by sophists (8).
21. Rise as a smell (6).
23. Course for a singer (5).
24. Belief that one is the deity risen? (5).
26. As a philosopher I enter most of the race (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 419



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 419

H. Russell (Stockport)
Miss D. Greenwood (Glossop)
W. H. Tucker (London, SW19)

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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QUALIFICATIONS: This is a senior appointment in the Commission's service and the successful applicant should have a good educational background and wide experience in radio and television programming and administration. He should have qualities of initiative, leadership and imagination, together with a capacity for independent judgment and for the assessment of programme values.
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CONDITIONS: This position is on the permanent staff and applicants should be British subjects. Appointment is subject to satisfactory medical examination and a probationary period of six months, after which the appointee will be required to contribute to the Commonwealth Superannuation Fund or Provident Account. Benefits include cumulative sick leave, four weeks' recreation leave per annum and long service leave.
APPLICATIONS: To the General Manager, Australian Broadcasting Commission, Box 487, GPO, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, in an envelope marked 'Confidential-Application', stating age, qualifications and experience and enclosing copies only of references.
CLOSING DATE: 21 September 1960.

SALOP COUNTY COUNCIL
APPOINTMENT OF PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER

Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's Child Guidance Team. Whitley Council salary and conditions. Scale £740 to £1,000. Travelling and subsistence. Forms of application and conditions of service from County Medical Officer, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

PEP is to undertake a 3-year inquiry into the working of the Mental Health Services with particular reference to community care. There is a vacancy for a Senior Research Officer, at a commencing salary within the range £1,000-£1,500 a year. Applicants should have appropriate research experience and an interest in this field. Director, PEP, 16 Queen Anne's Gate, London, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited for the newly created post of Senior Prison Welfare Officer at H.M. Prison, Leeds. Candidates must possess a social science qualification and/or extensive experience of social work. Present salary (under revision) £955 with four annual increments to £1,090.

Further vacancies for posts as Prison Welfare Officer are now offered at H.M. Prisons in London, Durham and Lincoln. Adequate experience in social work is essential and a social science qualification is desirable. Present salary (under revision) £745 (age 29 and above) with six increments to £940. London weighting £30.

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ENGINEER (Ref. SD.2) for research on the design and performance of ploughs and cultivation machinery and on improved methods of cultivation. Qualifications: 1st or 2nd class honours degree in Mechanical or Agricultural Engineering or equivalent and with post graduate experience in agriculture.

Appointments in Scientific Officer or Senior Scientific Officer grades at starting salaries, according to experience, on the scales £690 – £1,144 and £1,250 – £1,540 respectively, with superannuation under FSSU.

Application forms from Secretary to be returned by 30 September 1960, quoting appropriate reference number.

ANGLIA TELEVISION LTD
(Norwich)

Urgently required, full experienced Researcher/Writer to work on feature magazine programme. Salary £30 per week.
Apply in writing to Personnel Officer, Anglia Television Ltd, Anglia House, Norwich, stating full details of previous programme work.

HOUSEMASTER (resident, married or single) required at Mayford, Woking, Surrey, an intermediate approved school for 110 boys. Ability to supervise leisure activities, hobbies, recreation, etc., essential. Work calls for equable personality and genuine concern for boys of unstable temperaments and varying abilities. £675-£980 according to qualifications and experience less £138 for single furnished accommodation board, lodging and laundry. Annual leave 8 weeks. Apply Children's Officer (WDO/NS/2231/9) LCC, County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Talks Producer, Overseas Talks and Features Department. Duties include arranging and producing talks, interviews, discussions and features on wide variety of subjects, particularly current affairs. Wide interests, sympathetic approach to people and knowledge of politics and world affairs, especially in the Commonwealth, essential. Lively and interesting job requiring ability to work under pressure. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.424 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

AIR Ministry. Scientific Adviser Department. Air Ministry requires graduates in Mathematics, Physics or Engineering. Graduates in other scientific disciplines who apply should possess some mathematical knowledge and ability. Quals. First or Second Class Honours Degree. Scientific Staff are concerned with studies and giving advice on problems of effectiveness, cost and reliability of weapon systems, on planning, strategy and tactics of Royal Air Force operations and on interpretation of weapon trials. Also concerned with development of operational research methods and techniques and with application of electronic computers and simulators. Work involves close co-operation with officers of Royal Air Force at all levels. Vacancies are mainly at Headquarters in Whitehall, London, but also in Royal Air Force Command Headquarters and Development Units in United Kingdom. Salaries: London men Senior Scientific Officers £1,330-£1,640. Scientific Officers £730-£1,205. Outside London slightly lower. Women will receive equal pay in 1961. Forms from Ministry of Labour, Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1 (quoting A 104/OA). Closing date 26 September 1960.

ASSISTANT Agricultural Economist: Department of Agriculture and Fisheries for Scotland. Pensionable post in Edinburgh for man or woman at least 21 and under 28 on 1.9.60 (extension for regular Forces service and Overseas Civil Service). Qualifications: university degree, normally with 1st or 2nd class honours, in economics, agriculture or closely related subject; or closely comparable qualification. Knowledge of statistical methods or practical experience of agriculture an advantage. Duties include investigation of changes in financial conditions of agriculture and factors affecting agricultural output, analysis of farm accounting data, and preparation of material for farm management advisory work. Salary scale (men) £635 – £1,120 (under review); starting pay may be above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5187/60. Closing date 23 September 1960.

THE Royal Institute of British Architects requires an Administrative Assistant in its Technical Department. The successful candidate would be responsible to the architect in charge of the Department for its day-to-day administration and for the organisation of conferences and committees. He or she should be interested in office management, about 28 years old and should preferably have a University degree but this is not essential. The salary grade is £700 by increments of £30 a year to £1,250, a starting salary above the minimum would be considered. For further particulars apply to the Secretary, RIBA, 66 Portland Place, London, W1.

NATIONAL Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road, NW1. Radiographer required. Male or Female for modern X-Ray Diagnostic Department in Central London. Applications, with names and addresses of two referees to Hospital Secy.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Chair of Fine Arts. The Council invites applications for the above-mentioned post. The Professor will be Head of the School of Fine Arts and will be responsible to the Council for the conduct of teaching and examining within the School and for its activities at large. He will be expected to ensure that the School effectively performs the following functions: (i) the training of students as potential teachers of art; (ii) the training of those who wish to become practising artists and designers; (iii) the provision of opportunities to students in other Faculties to learn something of the history of the visual arts and their place in civilisation. In the view of the Council the person appointed to the Chair of Fine Arts need not himself necessarily be an active professional artist. The Council wishes to ensure that the influence of the School is felt throughout the University, industry and the community at large, and to ensure also that its internal development is a balanced one. The Professor should therefore be primarily a man with wide artistic sympathies, a knowledge of the various fields of art past and present, and the capacity for keeping the aims of the School before the public, directing its policies with imagination, and actively enriching the general academic life of the University. The salary attaching to the position is £2,400 per annum. Travel and other removal expenses will be allowed by the University within specified limits. The Professor will be expected to take up his duties on 1 February 1961 or as soon thereafter as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 31 October 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland. Applications are invited for the following positions. The salary range is £A1,830 – 70 – £A2,330. Lecturer in History: Applicants should have an Honours or Post-graduate degree in History with an indication of special fields of interest and evidence of experience in or interest in research. Lecturer in Political Science: Applicants should have an Honours or Post-graduate degree in Political Science with an indication of special fields of interest and evidence of experience in or interest in research. Lecturer in Commercial Law (within the Faculty of Commerce): Applicants should hold a degree in Law. Some professional experience is desirable but not essential. Experience in the teaching of Law would be helpful. The appointee will be required to lecture in Mercantile, Company, Bankruptcy and Trustee Laws. The successful applicants will enjoy the privileges of superannuation, study leave, travel grants and other benefits available to the academic staff. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Queensland, Brisbane, Australia. Applications close on 15 October 1960 except for the Lectureship in Commercial Law, in which case applications close on 30 September 1960.

THE University of Manchester Ashburne Hall of Residence. Applications are invited for the post of Vice-Warden of this Hall which accommodates about 210 women students. The Vice-Warden will also act as tutor to one wing (70 students) and as Hall Librarian. Duties to commence on 1 October 1960 or in any case not later than 1 January 1961. Stipend not less than £500 p.a. according to qualification and exper., together with board and residence. Applications must be submitted by 12 Sept. 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

PHILATELY: Male or Female Assistant reqd. Experience necessary. Box 6748.

Careers for young men and women in Scientific Publishing—

PERGAMON PRESS LIMITED, Oxford, London, New York, Paris has vacancies for Editorial Trainees (age group 21-27) at a minimum commencing salary of £750 per annum with excellent prospects. Initial training period in Oxford, thereafter based in London, Oxford, Birmingham, Cambridge or Edinburgh. Possibilities of service with the Company's offices in America and on the Continent. Posts pensionable, and for the first two years might require considerable travel to University and Research Establishments. Previous experience in publishing and/or a Degree in Science or Technology, or knowledge of foreign languages not essential, but an advantage. Please write, giving full details of educational background and previous experience, to the Personnel Manager at the address below—

PERGAMON PRESS, *Headington Hill Hall, Oxford*

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Singapore. Amended Advertisement. Applications are invited for (i) Lectureship or (ii) Assistant Lectureship in Social Studies with special reference to Sociology, Social Anthropology or Sociology with Psychology. Salary scales: (i) £1,148 x 49 – 1,442/1,540 x 56 – £1,820 p.a. (ii) £1,001 x 49 – £1,099 p.a. Entry point according to qualifications and experience. Allowances: expatriation in range £280 – £308 p.a., cost of living (temporary) in range £210 – £560 p.a. Passages for appointee, wife and children under 12 years. Partly furnished house/flat at reasonable rent. Provident Fund Scheme. Detailed applications (8 copies) naming 3 referees by 30 September 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

SURVEY Production Centres, War Office: Heads of Establishment (men) required for centres in London (a) and Germany (b), dealing with the production of military maps and related geodetic matters. Post (a) pensionable; (b) is a non-pensionable 3-year appointment. Age at least 30 on 1.9.60. Qualifications: degree with 1st or 2nd Class honours in Engineering or Science, or high professional attainment; knowledge and practical experience of cartography (especially in military and RAF map production), trigonometrical survey, geodesy, lithographic reproduction, ground and air surveying; knowledge of military administration. For post (b), knowledge of German desirable. Salary scale (both posts) £1,760-£1,965; also, for (a), responsibility allowance (at present £180); for (b), overseas allowance (if married) or free accommodation and rations (if single). Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1 for applic. form, quoting S/5195/60. Closing date 29 Sept. 1960.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker required by LCC as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at London Chest Hospital, Victoria Park, E2. Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or recognised social science certificate essential. Married women eligible. £679 (at age 24) – £884, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Medico-social duties with some secretarial work arising from administration of local voluntary fund for benefit of patients. Form from Divisional Medical Officer, (D1/NS/2224/9). 273 Bancroft Rd, E1. Closing date 16 September.

MATRON required immediately for Old People's Home (22 women), Theydon Bois, Essex. Salary commencing £300, plus emoluments. Apply in writing with copies of references to Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, 2 Cumberland Road, Plaistow, E13.

HAMPSHIRE. Red Hatch Girls' Remand Home, Winchester. Resident Supervisor/Instructress. Previous experience not essential, but applicants should be interested in the problems of delinquent adolescent girls and preferably be able to teach handicrafts. Salary: £540-£620 p.a., less £120 p.a. for board and lodging. Commencing salary according to experience, if any. Application forms from The County Children's Officer. The Castle, Winchester.

HAMPSHIRE. Ashbourne Lodge Boys' Remand Home, Winchester. Resident Supervisor. Preference will be given to applicants who have had experience in youth work and/or are able to instruct in handicrafts, particularly woodwork. Salary: £540-£620 p.a., less £120 p.a. for board and lodging. Application forms from The County Children's Officer, The Castle, Winchester.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker or Social Worker, preferably with experience of children and mental deficiency practice, required for Fountain and Queen Mary's Hospitals and the ancillary units (800 beds). Clerical Assistance provided. Salary scale for qualified PSW at age 27 £740 p.a. rising to £1,000 plus London Weighting, and for Social Worker at age 27 £515 p.a. rising to £785 plus London weighting. Applications with full particulars of training and experience and names and addresses of two referees to be sent to Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

GOODMAYES Hospital. Two Psychiatric Social Workers required. Goodmayes Hospital, on the outskirts of London, offers an almost complete adult Mental Health Service for Chingford, Ilford and West Ham. A new Social Work Department will shortly be in use and the clinical services are about to be reorganised into three comprehensive units, each with a PSW attached and adequate clerical help. Salary (which includes London Weighting) and conditions of service in accordance with the Whitley Council Scale. Applications, with names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be addressed to the Group Secretary, Goodmayes Hospital, Ilford, Essex.

QUALIFIED teachers, male, required immediately for work with maladjusted boys. Class approx. 10 children, friendly informal atmosphere. Salary approx. £600 per annum. Plus full board and lodging etc. Pension Scheme. Applications to the Principal, St Margarets School, Stockland, Bridgwater, Somerset. Telephone Comwich 257. (Reverse Charges accepted).

RAMPTON Hospital, Retford, Notts. Wholetime (a) Research Associate (Senior Psychologist Grade) or (b) Research Assistant (Psychologist Grade) – required for research into psychopathic instability in new Research Unit. Close association with University of Sheffield (Department of Psychology) with facilities to register for Ph.D. Further information from Medical Superintendent. NHS Superannuation and Conditions of Service applicable. Salary (a) £1,025-£1,425 or (b) £380-£680 (probationary) £735-£1,050 (post-probationary) plus £65 allowance. Accommodation available. Applications, giving full particulars and naming 3 referees, to Medical Superintendent by 30 Sept. 1960.

WINWICK Hospital, Near Warrington, Lancs. Applications are invited for the appointment of a second full-time Psychologist to work under the Principal Psychologist in the above hospital. Qualifications, salary and conditions of service as laid down by the Whitley Council. The department is well established and close contact is maintained with the University. There are good opportunities for research. The successful candidate will be expected to take part in a regional training scheme. Applications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be forwarded to the Medical Superintendent, not later than 10 September 1960.

A VACANCY will shortly exist for a Superintendent for the Wood St Mission (undenominational). To organise established, and pioneer new Social and Religious work in Manchester. The position is resident and there is good private accommodation, suitable for married man. Salary £600 plus emoluments. Applications giving personal details and experience should be made to the Hon. Secretary, 50 Bridge St, Manchester, 3, from whom further information may be obtained.

EAST Sussex Education Committee. Child Guidance Service. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Bexhill Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes, Sussex.

HOUSEFATHER wanted for September for small residential school for maladjusted juniors. Salary £390 plus residential emoluments. Further details from the Headmaster, Harmeny House School, Balerno, Midlothian.

HOUSEPARENTS required, young adult spastic centre near London. Full social life, congenial surroundings. Box 6783.

EXPERIENCED part-time man club leader required for Roman Catholic club in East London. Four evenings a week. Good premises. Scope for development. Salary will be negotiated. Apply to J. E. Willson, 21 Elgin Road, Cheshunt, Herts. Tel. Waltham Cross 24922.

BOYS' Preparatory Schools. Parents desiring vacancies and men and women seeking teaching appointments, also Matrons and Assistant Matrons, should apply to R. J. S. Curtis, MA (E), Hon. Sec., Public Relations Committee, Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, Hurst Court, Ore, Hastings.

BBC invites applications for post of Russian Monitor (based at Caversham, near Reading) and also for Reserve List to provide for future vacancies. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Russian, perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,095-£1,370 p.a. when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.425 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

RE-ADVERTISEMENT. Applications are invited for appointment as National Youth Officer for the Co-operative Youth Movement. The Officer will work within the headquarters staff of the Education Department but will be expected to undertake visits to clubs and groups throughout the country. Salary within scale £780 x £25 to £980. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Application forms and further details from the Chief Education Officer, Co-operative Union Ltd, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics., to whom applications should be returned by 17 September 1960.

WORKERS' Educational Association – Yorkshire District (South). Applications are invited for the post of Organizing-Tutor in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Applicants should be Honours graduates with qualifications in the Social Sciences or in other relevant subjects appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £650 x £50 to £1,200 (now under review). Closing date twenty-one days after the appearance of this advertisement. Application forms and further details from District Secretary, WEA, 26 Campo Lane, Sheffield, 1.

MALE Assistant aged 25-35 required for manager overseas department of national animal welfare charity; must be able to take responsibility of correspondence and interviewing; salary according to experience and qualifications; Pension Fund. Applications to Chief Secretary, RSPCA, 105 Jermyn Street, London, SW1, by not later than 12 September 1960.

LIBRARIAN required to organise and develop small architectural technical library in London, SW1. A working knowledge of UDC is essential. Please write giving details of age, experience and salary required to Box 6952.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent money you summon up a reckoning of some sort, consider this: our American firm has some high-paying sales openings for people to present an appealing children's educational program to US military families in Europe. If you're seriously interested, drop us a résumé with inquiry to Box 6125.

NATIONAL Film Archive requires Secretary Shorthand-Typist for Deputy Curator. Salary on scale £8 19s. at 21 to £10 12s. at 25 or over. 5-day week, 3 weeks paid holiday, hours 9.30 to 5.30. Superannuation scheme. Apply Curator, National Film Archive, 81 Dean Street, London, W1. (REGent 0061).

PART-TIME women tutors required from September for 'A' Level Maths and Geography. W1 area. Box 6910.

ASSISTANT to Organising Secretary, Pictures for Schools London Exhibition 1961. Part-time, November-February. Also Organising Secretary for Welsh Pictures for Schools Exhibition, Spring 1961. Part-time for about 3 months, four separate weeks in Cardiff. The two posts could be combined. Some exhibition exper. valuable. Sal. and times by arrangement. Apply to Mrs K. Baker, 28 Frewin Rd, SW18.

PUBLIC Relations organisation, Westminster, requires secretary for director. Good educational standard, shorthand and typing, ability to act on own initiative. Five-day week. Box 6980.

INTERESTED in Publishing? Advertising/publicity department of well-known publishing house requires accurate secretary. Just the job for recently qualified person with ambitions in the publishing trade. Write Geoffrey Bles, 52 Doughty Street, WC1.

EXCELLENT Secretarial post WC2, requiring initiative and personality. Salary £780. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

PART-time or full-time Secretary with good speeds willing to teach Shorthand/typing wanted by West End school. Teaching experience and knowledge of one foreign language an advantage. Box 6751.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts, £650-£800. 92 Gt Russell Street, WC1. MUS. 7379.

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GOLD Medals in Rome – Good Jobs in London from The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1, next door to Gamages, HOL. 0390.

SEC. S/T., 19/22, for art dealer. Good hours. £9 10s./£11. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit Street, W1. HYD. 1738.

BRUSSELS. 2 English-born female shorthand typists, 23-30. Salary £715 p.a. approx. Also lady secretary, salary by arrangement, according ability. Box 7011.

ARE you reliable? Potter and wife want your help. Two children, one at nursery school. Moon, 81 High St, Henley-in-Arden, Warwicks.

HOUSEKEEPER reqd immediately for 1 year to look after professional man & son aged 13, residing Hampstead. Box 7000

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SINGLE woman, exper. emotionally disturbed children, sks post Matron/similar, small School/Treatment Unit, offering scope, wide oppor. learn more. Interested Bettelheim's methods. Suggestions welc. Box 6780.

YOUNG man, 33, public school education, writer, recently relinquished £1,000 p.a. executive post, wishes to hear from potential employer. Box 6868.

ABLE, versatile lady secretary/personal assistant, competent organiser, wide admin. & commercial exp., accountancy, PAYE, langs, sks responsible post. Full details conditions employment, sal &c. Box 6940.

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DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing (tapes, etc.), private lessons shorthand/typing. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, Friern Barnet, N11. ENT. 3324.

TRANSLATION from the Japanese by Columbia Univ. & London grad. All materials. I. Gold, 2 Strathmore Gdns, W8. BAY. 6959.

MARKET RESEARCH—AUSTRALIA

Applications are invited for the post of **Market Research Manager** of W. D. & H. O. Wills (Australia) Ltd, in Sydney, New South Wales. The Manager will have sole responsibility in the control and design of research projects.

Candidates should possess the following qualifications:

1. A good Honours degree, preferably with psychology as a main subject.
2. At least three years' experience as an executive in in market research in this country, including product and advertisement testing.
3. Wide experience in the use and development of psychological methods and experimental design with market research problems, plus a sound grasp and understanding of statistics.

The successful candidate, who should preferably be between 28 and 35 years of age, will be working permanently in Australia. Interviews will take place immediately in London. First class passages out will be provided and there will be assistance with removal and settling in expenses.

All applications should be addressed to Box F 660 W.P.S., 4 Holborn Circus, EC1.

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SUSSEX. 18th-century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms. bkfast. Downland walks, ½ hr coast. Tel 1773.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country 5s posted Victor Hilton, 5 Sandia) House, Torquay.

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You will be astonished by the quality and charm of this wine. You have only to taste it to understand exactly what we mean.

Usually chiantis are blended wines, but here is one of those rare finds, an individual wine Harveys have found at a well-known vineyard in the heart of the Chianti region near Florence and Siena. This is truly a lovely wine . . . round, fruity, full of feeling. The name? Chianti di Nozzole. The price? Only 8s. a bottle!

Harveys have bottled this wine in a Bordeaux type of bottle, instead of a flask bound with raffia. This helps to keep the price down - and the rest is achieved by Harveys' skill and knowledge of how to buy wine, where to buy wine, and when to buy wine at its best.

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INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passages av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Nat'l Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193.

PERSONAL

WELL-educated young Nigerian woman anxious to learn hotel business by working in exchange board and pocket money. Domestic science training, hard worker, personable. References exchanged. Miss Omezi, Extra Mural Dept, University College, Ibadan, Nigeria.

TO let Jerusalem, Israel, for one year from 1 October 1960, 2 roomed furn. roof flat, very large terrace, phone, fridge, C.H. Lovely view overlooking valley of Cross. Write Dreyfus, 16 Saadia Gaon St, Jerusalem.

FURNISHED room, private bath, c.h., c.h.w., (1 minute St Johns Wood station), exchange help house, Saturday & Sunday mornings & 3 week-day evenings. Part board. (Female). Box 7008.

FOREIGN girl over 21 to live 'au pair' and undertake simple cooking. Country house Midlands, own room and TV. Opportunity to meet other foreign students. Good time off. Wages £4. Box 7014.

YOUNG mother urgently needs some home-job proof reading or similar occupation. Box 6914.

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NURSERY Play Group in W1 area has vacancies for 3-4 yr-olds for 2 afternoons a week, in preparation for full-time morning attendance. Enquiries to Miss Sanders, Tavistock Institute, 2 Beaumont St, W1. WEL. 5415.

SOME good companions (3 men, 6 girls) wanted to live it up with me on a skiing holiday. (27 Dec.-9 Jan. Austria, £28 7s.) Anyone interested please write, Patrick Bannard, 'The Cedars' 15 St Margaret's Drive, St Margarets, Middx.

FRENCH girl skiing New Year in France would like company of English boys and girls. Write please Mlle. Anne-Marie Bessière, YWCA. 57 Gt Russell St, Lond, WC1.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

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PERSONAL—continued

PICASSO Exhibition. Special Evening Visit to view Picasso Exhibition for ICA members by courtesy of The Arts Council and the Trustees of the Tate Gallery. Tuesday 13 September, 8.30 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. Numbers are limited. Tickets must be obtained in advance from ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St, W1. Members 10s. and one guest 10s.

AEROPREEN Award Competition 1961. 1st prize £300. For an upholstered furniture design open to designers and students under 36. Details from Aeropreen, High Wycombe, Bucks.

ART student going to Paris to spend the New Year wishes to form a small party of intelligent (but lively!) friends. Details from: Sheila Killeen, Box 7019.

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POEMS wanted: Send with s.a.e.: Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1.

I THINK it is time I reminded you that you can have a portrait by Anthony Panting for as little as 5 gns. Studio at 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8. MAI. 3200.

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VIOLENCE, William Blake, Pressure to Conform, Progressive Cinema; these are subjects of recent conferences run by the Progressive League (N5), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2. Join now.

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GIRL 29 (photographer) seeks large attractive room & share of kitchen and bathroom in flat belonging to girl of similar age. Central London. Box 6877.

YOUNG man seeks London accommodation with similar. Box 6963.

STUDENT architect, teaching wife, require 2 rooms, cooking facs. Long let. £4-£5. Angel, Essex Rd, Canonbury. Box 6520.

IMPECUNIOUS young doctor desperately needs flatlet in Hampstead for himself and books. Box 6903.

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UNIV. Lecturer and wife (no children) sk furn. flat Central London. Box 7040.

GRAD. teacher (m.) reqs large b/s. or flatlet. NW or near. Box 7007.

BED-sit. with ckg facils wanted by young lady grad., convenient London Univ.; use of piano if poss. Box 7004.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 4 Sept.: Guinness, Sellers in 'The Ladykillers' (U). From 5 Sept.: Laurence Olivier in 'The Beggar's Opera' (U). From 8 Sept.: 'The Tales of Hoffman' (U).

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sunday Film Season. 6 p.m. Comédie Française in Beaumarchais' play 'The Marriage of Figaro' (U) with music by Mozart; 8.30 p.m. Russian Colour Film of Dostoievsky's novel 'The Idiot' (U). Suns. only to 11 Sept. All seats bkble. WAT. 3191

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ACADEMY (GER 2981) Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Ballet in Tchaikovsky's 'Swan Lake' (U).

EXHIBITIONS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Peter Hobbs and Robert Law: work by 2 British Artists. Until 17 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Admn free. (See Personal column).

PICASSO. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 18 September Weekdays 10-8; Suns 2-8. Admn. 3s. 6d. (Note late openings daily).

BOMBERG David: Retrospective Exhibn. City of Coventry Herbert Art Gallery. Until 24 Sept. Private view 3 Sept. 3 p.m.

'MODERN American Painting' 1930-58 Exhibition. York City Art Gallery, Exhibition Square, York. 20 Aug.-15 Sept. Only UK showing. Mon-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 2.30-5. Admission free.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays.

CANALETTO Gallery – converted barge moored on Grand Union Canal facing 60 Blomfield Rd, W9. Tube: Warwick Ave. Abstracts & Waterways by Harry Gordon. Until 28 Sept. Every day 11 a.m.-9 p.m.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1. Summer Exhibition – Recent Acquisitions. 19th & 20th Century Drawings and Paintings.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise Part II at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

REID Gallery, 23 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by James Stroudley. Until 10 Sept. Dly 9.30-5.30, Sats 9.30-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings: John Wells. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Adm. Free.

IVEAGH Bequests, Kenwood Exhibitions; 'Francis Hayman, RA (1708-1776)' and 'Gold and Silver Plate from Goldsmiths' Hall'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

MOLTON Gallery, William Turnbull – Paintings. Until 3 Sept. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

TOOTHS: Opening 6 Sept., British Painting 'Today and Yesterday'. Daily 9.30-5.30. Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton Street, W1.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday to Saturday, 3 to 30 September. Admission 1s., children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

THE Crafts Centre of Great Britain – Exhibition of Embroideries by Maureen Helsdon. Until 17 September. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Admission free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by Jadot and Stephenson, till 21 September, 10-6.

ART Exhibition, 3-11 Sept., 9 a.m.-8 p.m. Works of 40 selected artists in open-air in old-world Camden Passage, Islington, near Angel tube and buses.

HOBBLEDEHOY – Cycle One. Recent paintings of contemporary youth by Reiss Howard. Raille Gallery, 24 Islington Green, N1. Mon.-Sat. 10-6. For 2 wks from 3 September.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Henry Mundy – Paintings & Gouaches. Opens Tuesday 6 Sept. Until 30 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock Street, W1. MAYfair 4419. Peter Woodland, Guy Worsdell, Connal. Paintings and Engravings. 22 Aug.-10 Sept. 10-6 Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings and Drawings by Henry Sanders. Daily incl. Sats 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings and Watercolours by Alan Reynolds. Hours 10-6 pm. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Exhibition closes 30 Sept.

ST George's Gallery Prints. Brian Perrin etchings of Welsh Landscape with associated drawings. 6-30 September. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. Wkly 10-6, Sats 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

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CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Bernard Williams on 'Politics and Deceit'. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 7 Sept., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

ULTRA Anniversary Lecture. 'The Evolution of Instrumentation.' Prof. Arthur Porter, M.Sc., Ph.D., Dean of Engineering, University of Saskatchewan. 6.30 p.m., Wed. 14 Sept., Recital Room, Royal Festival Hall. Tickets on application to Ultra Electric (Holdings) Ltd, Western Avenue, W3.

NEW Leases & Rents. Great tenants' meeting 8 p.m. Wed. 7 Sept. Central Hall. Entrance 1s. Nat. Assoc. of Tenants & Residents, 75 Marylebone Lane, W1.

NEW Realm Study Group. The study of Gurdjieff and Ouspensky's teaching. Livingstone House, Carteret St, Broadway, SW1. Every Wed. 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. New term commencing 7 Sept.

QUAKERISM, Church or Sect? Speaker: A. Herbert Dobbing. Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. Sunday 4 Sept. 6.30 p.m.

COFFEE and Social Evening, Members only. New Jewish Society, Simon Marks Room, 108 Baker St, W1. Wed. 7 Sept., 8 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture Wed. 7 Sept., 6.30. 'The Arhat and the Bodhisattva Ideal'. Mr Christmas Humphreys. Also Beginners' Class, first of four fortnightly lessons, Tues. 13 Sept., 6.30. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Duke's Ave., N10: Thurs. 8 Sept., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Swami Ghanananda: 'Vedanta in the World Context'. Sun. 11 Sept., 5 p.m. at Centre: Discourse.

'SPIRITUAL Alchemy'. Public lecture, 4 Sept. 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

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LECTURE CRSES, etc.—continued

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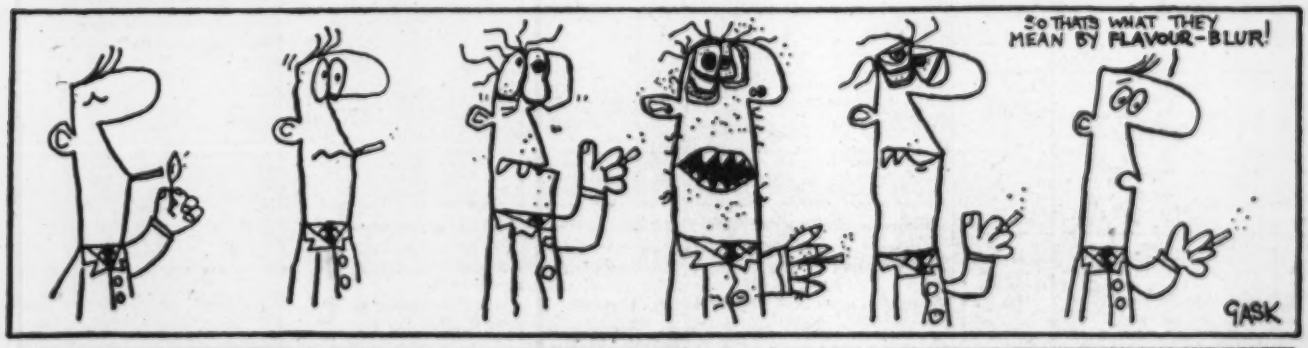

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